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The Shape of Things

THE BATTLE OF CAEN, MEASURED BY THE terrific scale of the Battle of Minsk, may seem a minor engagement, but its outcome is of crucial importance. The Germans have made this sizable Norman city the kingpin of their defense system. If it is lost and Montgomery's forces are able to reach the wide plain to the southeast where armor can operate freely, Rommel will have to pull back many miles. This would enable the Allies to establish their beachhead beyond dispute and give them the elbow room necessary for a deep drive into France. The British offensive, which opened while Cherbourg was still being mopped up, sought to outflank the city from the west. After a bridgehead across the River Odon had been consolidated, the enemy struck back with one counter-attack after another. But these blows, while very intense, were undertaken with small forces, and each was confined to a narrow front. Commentators have been puzzled by the piecemeal nature of the German tactics. One reason appears to be shortage of infantry, without which positions taken by armored troops cannot be held. Another factor is the ubiquitous Allied tactical air force, whose rain of punches makes any massing of troops unhealthy and keeps Rommel from building up dependable lines of supply.

*

GENERAL EISENHOWER IS WINNING NEW diplomatic as well as new military laurels. His appointment of General Pierre-Joseph Koenig, hero of Bir-Hacheim, as commander of the French Forces of the Interior is a really constructive step toward improvement of relations with the French Provisional Government. In the first place, it constitutes full recognition of the invaluable services of the French underground fighters since the beginning of the invasion. Secondly, the choice of one of General de Gaulle's closest associates to head this indomitable army is a tacit acceptance of the claim of the French Provisional Government to represent the forces of resistance inside France. General Eisenhower has also strengthened working relations with the French by an agreement which will enable 230 French administrative liaison officers now in England to proceed to France as members of General Koenig's staff. As a result there are good hopes of a *modus vivendi* being achieved which will satisfy the French desire to control civil affairs

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in the liberated territory. Meanwhile it is understood that progress is being made in the negotiations in London between Pierre Vienot, ambassador of the Provisional Government, and Foreign Secretary Eden. The British are clearly aware both of the strength of the Algiers regime inside France and of the absence of any competing group with a popular following. It is to be hoped that the pressure of facts is also being felt in Washington, where General de Gaulle is expected very shortly.

✶

ALLIED CASUALTIES ON THE BEACHES OF Normandy not only failed to fulfil the scare rumors that were prevalent before the invasion but were extremely moderate for a military operation of such extensive proportions. The total of American, Canadian, and British casualties for the first two weeks of the invasion has been given as 40,549. Although this figure does not include losses resulting from the final attack on Cherbourg, it does include the high beachhead losses suffered by the First Division and the losses incurred by the paratroopers. It is probable that this total is somewhat higher than the actual casualties, since a fairly large number of the 12,000 listed as missing may have merely become separated from their own units and attached temporarily to others. In any event the total appears extremely small when compared with the Soviet Union's admitted losses of 5,300,000 in three years of war or with recorded losses in the major operations of World War I. In the First Battle of the Somme in 1916, for example, the British are believed to have suffered 750,000 casualties, as against German losses of approximately 500,000—for a net gain of 200 square miles of French soil. In the Battle of Verdun German losses amounted to more than 300,000, while the French lost at least 200,000. In the Battle of Arras casualties on both sides approached 700,000. In the severe fighting that lies ahead we may suffer far heavier losses than any that we have yet had to endure. But the precautions that were taken to protect the lives of our soldiers in breaching the Atlantic Wall justify high faith in our military leadership.

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DENMARK, INVADED WITHOUT WARNING IN April, 1940, fell with scarcely a shot fired. A small, peaceful country with no more than a token army and without natural defenses, it had no way of combating the swarms of German bombers that flew over Copenhagen or the hordes of Nazi soldiers that emerged from the holds of "innocent" merchant vessels. But the Danes, with the exception of a handful of Quislings, never surrendered in their hearts. From the first they spurned German offers of Nordic brotherhood. Then they turned to sabotage showing remarkable ingenuity. Last week they took to the offensive openly, calling a general strike in Copenhagen as a protest against new curfew orders and the employment of Danish Nazis as police. For nearly two hours the city was paralyzed while armed patriots barricaded the streets and fought the isolated German garrison. Shortage of food and water finally made it necessary to call off the strike, but although temporarily defeated, the Danes have struck a blow in the Battle of Liberation. As outside pressure on the walls of Hitler's fortress grows, its defenses are being undermined from within by men who refuse to be slaves.

✶

MR. HULL'S ACTION IN ENDING RELATIONS with Finland spells the failure of prolonged attempts by the United States to act as a bridge between the U. S. S. R. and Finland. Well-intentioned as this effort was, it is doubtful whether it has served the best interests of the Finnish people. The hope has always been that we could persuade the Finnish government to dissociate itself from Germany and make a separate peace. But the fact is that ever since the Finnish leaders entered into a pact with Hitler in the spring of 1940 they have been irrevocably bound to Germany despite all their protests that their war was a quite different war from the one the rest of the world was waging. Maintenance of relations with America has only encouraged them to believe that, even if Germany proved a broken reed, Finland could rely on our support to save it from the consequences of defeat. It is apparent that the Finnish people have long been weary of the war and, after the defeats suffered in the past few weeks, are more than ready to come to terms with Russia. But instead of sending emissaries to Moscow, President Ryti received von Ribbentrop in Helsinki and reached a "perfect understanding" with him which quickly brought German troops to the Finnish capital. The agreement was not submitted to Parliament, and even the Cabinet, it is believed, was not consulted. However, its members, after considering resignation, have decided to remain in office, and by so doing they accept the Quisling brand. Clearly, a necessary preliminary for peace and the restoration of democracy in Finland is the liquidation of the leaders who have reduced the country to its present plight. In Moscow the hope was expressed that America's severance of relations might lead to overthrow of the government, but with the Germans in full possession immediate prospects for revolt seem poor.

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IT NOW LOOKS AS IF SENATOR NYE WERE the winner in the North Dakota sweepstakes. The race has been nip and tuck all the way, Stambaugh holding a slight lead at first, Nye coming up strong and winning by a nose in a photo finish. Usher Burdick ran a good race a few lengths behind, and A. C. Townley trailed far in the rear. They haven't seen a race like it in North

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Dakota's history. Of course, the result will not be dead certain until the State Canvassing Board meets on August 1, and it is just possible that absentee ballots and soldiers' votes will eliminate Nye's lead of several hundreds. Burdick's failure to capture the race is a disappointment to those who have watched with growing confidence the effectiveness of the C. I. O. Political Action Committee. But North Dakota is a farm state, and its farmers are largely unfamiliar with and still distrustful of organized labor. Nye and Stambaugh, poles apart in their international outlook, vied with each other in attacking Burdick because organized labor, and particularly the Political Action Committee, was backing him. Stambaugh painted a dread picture of a resurrected I. W. W. spreading terror and revolution, while Nye flourished wildly a copy of the *Daily Worker* that contained a tribute (unsolicited) to Burdick. The most progressive farmers in the western section of the state, active in the Non-Partisan League and strongly behind Burdick, met an undeserved rebuff from the weather. A deluge of rain on Election Day literally washed out their vote and with it, perhaps, Burdick's margin of victory. The likely candidates of November are therefore Senator Nye, Republican, and Governor Moses, Democrat. It is still possible that when the Congress to make the peace assembles, America's isolationist number one will not be there.

*

THE VIRGINIA DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION, which meets at Roanoke on July 8, will have a majority unfriendly to the New Deal and the fourth term. Most of the delegates have been handpicked by the "courthouse crowd" which operates Senator Harry Byrd's well-heeled and strongly intrenched machine. Probably they will send to Chicago a delegation which is either uninstructed or pledged to support Byrd himself. It is unlikely, however, that they will join up with the Texas conspiracy. In the first place, Virginia's voting laws recognize that the "independent" Presidential elector is a constitutional fiction. The official ballot places the names of the Presidential candidates at the top with spaces for the voter's cross opposite: underneath are listed the Vice-Presidential nominees and the electors. Thus there is no doubt about the choice of the voters, and any elector who dared to flout it would have a hard time explaining. Apart from this technical obstacle, a strong opposition group was organized some time ago to support Roosevelt and nip in the bud any election-stealing plot. Known as the Committee of One Hundred, it is headed by Christopher Garnett, president of the Virginia Bar Association, and Rixey Smith, who has long been secretary to Senator Carter Glass. At least so far as its opposition to the Texas plot is concerned, it has the support of the state's leading editor, Virginius Dabney, who has denounced scheming to circumvent a popular vote for Mr. Roosevelt as a means of destroying constitutional government. It is therefore probable that the reactionaries of the Old Dominion, if they want to carry through with their bitter opposition to the President, will be forced either to support an independent Democrat—perhaps Byrd—or to bolt to the Republicans. They may split the Virginia vote; they are not likely to be allowed to steal it.

*

THE COYNESS OF CANDIDATES IS AN OLD American tradition. Nobody is fooled by it but everyone expects it. Take Tom Dewey. He wasn't a candidate for the Republican nomination, but his mother was in Chicago in case he should be "drafted." He hadn't put himself forward, but a twenty-three-passenger plane was kept ready in Albany so that he could get to Chicago quickly in case the Republicans thought he was the only man who could beat Roosevelt. In his acceptance speech he said, "I have not sought this responsibility. . . ." At that point Mr. Dewey's coyness began to look to us like plain lying, his humility like cheap impertinence. But it's possible, of course, that we did him an injustice. It's barely possible that he meant what he said, despite the fact that even Republicans seem to feel that he wanted the nomination and worked like hell to get it. Perhaps Mr. Dewey is already looking forward to the first Wednesday after the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November when he can relax and say, "I didn't want to be President anyway. I told you so." We are sure that he can count on millions of voters to cooperate in saving him from the awful sacrifice of having to be Chief Executive of the biggest country in the world. We at least shall be glad to do our bit.

*

SALES OF WAR BONDS TO INDIVIDUALS IN the Fifth War Loan drive have lagged dangerously despite the enthusiasm generated by the offensives in Europe and the Pacific. While there is not much doubt that the national quota of $16,000,000,000 will be surpassed through institutional subscriptions before the drive ends on July 8, it is possible that the $6,000,000,000 quota for individuals may not be reached. This is serious, because bank purchases are inflationary in effect, while purchases by individuals, through absorption of excess spending power, have an anti-inflationary influence. The lag in sales to individuals cannot be attributed to lack of money or lack of savings. Figures recently released by the Treasury show that the American people are saving at the rate of $38,000,000,000 a year, but that only about $13,000,000,000 of this amount is being invested in war bonds or other government securities. The unprecedented rise in the amount of currency in circulation in recent years indicates that a considerable amount of money is being hoarded in cash. Savings banks and commercial banks report huge increases in

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deposits. This money should be dug out and invested in war bonds, not because our boys need bullets—they will get them regardless—but to save the home front from the terrors of an uncontrolled inflation which would make the money hidden in trunks or deposited in banks all but worthless.

The Republican Platform

AFTER reading and rereading the platform adopted by the Republican National Convention we have been totally unable to find in it any coherent pattern of political principle. While one paragraph draws on Republican tradition, the next borrows freely from the New Deal; a bow made to free enterprise is followed by a salute to state intervention; states' rights are strongly upheld, and a promise is made to Negroes of legislation which must encroach on states' rights. According to their platform Republicans favor freer trade and the maintenance of tariffs; they are against subsidies for farm commodities but for support of prices and commodity loans, which, as the New York *Times* has pointed out, are subsidies in another form; they pledge themselves to maintain the value of the dollar and condemn the "freezing of wage rates"—an essential measure in preventing inflation. Here, indeed, is something for everyone, a lavish scattering of bait for voters, a bundle of contradictions held together only by a fervent desire for victory.

Republican commentators admit the catch-all nature of the platform but assert that platforms are not really important; what matters is the candidate's interpretation and expansion of the general line of policy approved by the convention. Of course, "as a matter of private honor and public faith" Mr. Dewey is pledged "to be true to the principles and program," but this undertaking should not prove unduly hampering in the circumstances. A much more exacting task will be to produce interpretations which satisfy the many conflicting interests within the G. O. P.

Consider, for instance, the tariff plank adopted at Chicago. It promises "to establish and maintain a fair protective tariff on competitive products," thus propitiating the farmers, livestock producers, and manufacturers of consumer goods dependent on the home market. But since the great mass-production and capital-goods interests, an important source of party funds, are anxious to find markets abroad, there is also an undertaking to "join . . . in every cooperative effort to remove unnecessary and destructive barriers to foreign trade." Then, evidently fearing they have gone too far, the writers of the plank hastily add that tariffs "should be modified only by reciprocal bilateral trade agreements approved by Congress."

At his first press conference after nomination Governor Dewey was asked whether he approved Mr. Hull's reciprocal-trade-agreement program. "That," he replied, "has always been a Republican policy which Secretary Hull has carried out ably and which I hope the Republicans will continue to carry out." Mr. Dewey either does not know or chooses to forget that in 1934, 1937, and 1940 Republicans in Congress almost solidly voted against the Hull program. Last year, it is true, a majority supported a renewal of the State Department's authority to negotiate reciprocal-trade treaties, but now their action has been repudiated, in effect, by the Republican platform. For an essential element in Mr. Hull's success in reducing tariffs has been the fact that his agreements *do not have to be submitted to Congress,* and are not therefore at the mercy of the log-rollers. Obviously, before we know where Mr. Dewey and his party stand on foreign-trade questions a great deal more elucidation and interpretation are necessary.

This is not a minor issue, and, apart from its intrinsic importance, it has a large bearing on a very major issue —foreign policy. As Ralph Robey, the conservative business editor of *Newsweek,* has pointed out, "a nation can follow a policy of economic isolationism and at the same time refuse to carry on political cooperation with foreign countries . . . but no nation can successfully be internationalist on the political level and isolationist on the economic level." It follows that either the Republicans are trying to square the international circle or that they are not sincere in advocating "responsible participation by the United States in post-war cooperative organization among sovereign nations to prevent military aggression."

It is to be hoped that in the course of the campaign Governor Dewey will find some means of unhooking his party from the horns of this dilemma. But in order to achieve this feat he will first have to abandon the tariff plank and then make over the international policy outlined in the platform by sharply defining its many ambiguous phrases. Up to now Republican interpreters of the foreign-policy plank, including Mr. Dewey, have been chiefly concerned to tell us what it doesn't mean. It does not provide for our incorporation in a world state, we are told; it does not commit us to an international police force; it does not deprive us of our sovereign power to make war. Very well, but does it mean that a Republican Administration would place its full weight behind an international organization to provide collective security, even though that involved some sacrifice of national sovereignty? That is the question which all who dread a third world war want to have answered.

Clearly, if Mr. Dewey provides a reassuring answer he will be in for trouble in his own party—the same kind of trouble that Wendell Willkie encountered. So long as the foreign-policy plank looks "satisfactory" to the

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Chicago *Tribune*, it is going to appear a very dubious proposition to hosts of voters. There is no dodging this issue; yet every suggestion of campaign tactics so far indicates that the G. O. P. is going to try to dodge it. It would like to leave international questions outside the arena and concentrate on domestic affairs. That stout Republican columnist David Lawrence has remarked: "The Republican concept of the 1944 campaign has been to lay low and gather in the protest votes." The key word in their propaganda, it would seem, is to be "bureaucracy," and by its constant repetition they hope to rally all the discontents on the civilian front. Does the sugar ration irk your sweet-tooth? That's New Deal bureaucracy. Can't you get enough gas for your vacation? The bureaucrats keep it from you. Is your train crowded and late? Are you frozen in your job? Can't you get that rise in pay you think you deserve? Then vote for Dewey and crack down on the bureaucrats. It is hardly necessary to point out the dangers of such an irresponsible exploitation of civilian discontent. It encourages that slackening of effort on the home front against which the Chiefs of Staff have just found it necessary to issue a grave warning. This may seem a harsh judgment, but as Walter Lippmann has pointed out, "there is not one line, not one word, in the whole platform which recognizes honestly the need of civilian control and sacrifice in war time."

The Soviet Drive

THE world has become so accustomed to successful Soviet offensives on the eastern front that it was somewhat slow to grasp the magnitude of the great drive in White Russia. But it is now clear that this is no ordinary offensive. In size, power, coordination, and speed it transcends any effort yet made by one of the United Nations, even the invasion itself. In attacking the so-called Fatherland Line in White Russia, the Red Army struck at the most powerful defensive position the Germans had yet succeeded in establishing along a major sector of the eastern front. Its northern anchor, Vitebsk, had held out under almost continuous attack for the better part of a year. On a line stretching nearly 200 miles to the south the Germans had strongly fortified three other important railway junctions on the strategic Leningrad-Odessa railway—Orsha, Mogilev, and Zhlobin. These four great strongholds, together with Bobruisk to the rear, fell on four successive days. Within a week the Red Army had forged ahead almost a hundred miles, crossed the Berezina, and was approaching the old Polish border along the main Moscow-Minsk-Warsaw highway.

It is evident that this time the German "disengaging movements" have not proceeded "according to plan." Five Nazi divisions were surrounded and destroyed at Vitebsk; five more were cut off and destroyed at Bobruisk; at least one division was caught at Mogilev. Among the more than 25,000 Nazi prisoners captured in the five days between June 23 and June 27 were four German generals, the largest bag since Stalingrad. One of the generals was the commander of an army corps; two others were divisional commanders. Their loss can hardly be reconciled with any interpretation of a "planned withdrawal." The German defenses appear to have been cut to pieces so quickly that it was impossible for any large number of the defenders to withdraw to previously established lines in the rear.

A further indication of the growing power of the Red Army may be seen in the fact that it has maintained its triple offensive against Finland while conducting these massive operations in White Russia. The Finnish offensive has also yielded impressive results. After a fortnight of fighting, some 240 miles of the important Murmansk-Leningrad railway has been cleared of the enemy, and Petrozavodsk, the capital of Soviet Karelia, has been liberated. This triumph, coupled with the even greater achievement of freeing the last segment of the Leningrad-Odessa line, gives the Soviets a first-class railway roughly paralleling the front all the way from Murmansk to Odessa—an advantage they have not possessed since the early days of the war.

It may be some time before it will be possible to assess the full significance of the Soviets' White Russian offensive. Is this the main drive planned at Teheran, or is it merely a preliminary to greater blows to be struck in the south? That, of course, is the question to which the Nazi High Command must find the answer if it is to have any hope of stopping the Red Army. There is reason to believe that the Nazis have anticipated that the main drive would be in the Western Ukraine. If so, it presumably will not start until the White Russian offensive clears the area north of the Pripet Marshes. But the magnitude and power of the present offensive suggest that the more advantageous central route chosen by Napoleon for the invasion of Russia may be used by the Red Army for the advance to Warsaw and Berlin. In any case it is difficult to see how the Germans can hope to stop the Soviet offensive without drawing deeply on their strategic reserves. And if they draw on their strategic reserves to stop the present drive, they will have little left for use in the west or in stopping other possible Soviet offensives. The dilemma in which the German High Command finds itself is indeed an unenviable one. If it guesses wrong, the German military machine faces immediate, complete disaster. But can any action by the German General Staff stave off defeat for long? The fury of the White Russian offensive suggests that all the possible courses of action available to the Nazi High Command would turn out to be equally disastrous.

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The War Fronts

BY CHARLES G. BOLTE

Saipan and Hengyang

SAIPAN and Hengyang are the two critical spots in the Far Eastern war at the moment: Saipan where the Allies most seriously threaten Japan, Hengyang where the Japanese most seriously threaten us. As this is written, we are winning Saipan and they are winning Hengyang. The two battles are closely related, although they are more than 2,000 miles apart.

I tried to suggest the connection between these two battles last week when I said that our hold on Saipan puts us within striking distance of the Philippines, Formosa, and Japan (Saipan is roughly 1,500 miles from each), and that the Japanese drive along the Hankow-Canton railway was designed to secure overland passage of troops from Manchuria to the South China coast before the sea lanes are closed. I called this Japan's offensive of desperation, and concluded: "An offensive of desperation may win temporary advantage, but it doesn't win wars, or even delay defeats very long."

I don't propose to eat crow on that statement, but one of my Chinese friends thinks I may have to before long; so let's examine the situation more closely.

Japan won China's northern provinces in 1937, pushed inland to Hankow and landed at the south- and east-coast ports in 1938, and then became occupied elsewhere by greater schemes. These schemes boomeranged, in that United States aircraft, based in China, and United States submarines, based in the Pacific, began to prey on the coastal shipping which supplied the coastal garrisons and carried the material of war from the Indies to the home islands. In actions here and elsewhere Japan has lost more than 3,000,000 tons of merchant shipping since Pearl Harbor.

This attrition of Japan's war commerce was serious. Even more serious was Admiral Nimitz's threat: that our Pacific strategy was aimed at securing a foothold on the China coast from which our troops could engage the main Japanese armies.

The Japanese, according to the best-informed Chinese circles, hold scarcely more than the city limits of Foochow, Amoy, Swatow, and Canton, the ports behind Formosa where we would presumably land. There are considerable Chinese forces in the coastal provinces—not fighting major battles but actively harassing the enemy and potentially an aid for any landing force. Moreover, advanced bases for the Fourteenth U. S. Army Air Force's strikes at shipping are maintained here.

With this as background in China, and with the fantastically rapid advance of our amphibious troops through the Central Pacific as incentive, the Japanese counterplan was inevitable but ambitious: drive south from Hankow and north from Canton along the great railway (which has no rails—the Chinese have carried them away and destroyed the roadbed), establish the essential overland line of communication, split Free China in two, mop up the Chinese troops and the air bases in the coastal region, and prepare to meet the landings.

After a poor start in April, the drive gained momentum in June. Hengyang has fallen; from Canton, 250 miles to the south, word comes that Japanese sea-borne reinforcements and supplies are pouring in at an unprecedented rate. The southern arm of the pincers seems ready to move. We hear that the fall of Hengyang is the worst blow for China since Hankow fell in 1938, and General Chennault says a Japanese success may prolong the war two years.

Well, perhaps; but Chennault is in the middle of the terrible hardships of the Chinese, he is concerned about his air force, and presumably he has not seen one of our several Pacific fleets. Moreover, a Japanese success is not so easy. It is not a nice stretch of land, that 250 miles between Hengyang and Canton. From Hankow to Hengyang was river valley; at Hengyang the Japanese enter the mountains. In those mountains are the troops of Kwangtung Province. To the west, on the Japanese flank, are the troops of Kwangsi, tough and very good troops with high morale, commanded by two Kwangsi generals who are among Chiang's best.

And Mr. Wallace has been in Chungking on a political and military mission. If war is the extension of politics, politics continues to be the accessory of war. China is one theater in which military developments cannot be discussed out of their political context. If the Communists and the Kuomintang have been persuaded to turn away from each other toward the Japanese, a million men will have been freed to press against the Japanese flank in the north—the area which is shaping up as the final battleground in the Far Eastern war.

So the Japanese are faced with mountains and fine troops in the south, and a potential political-military blow in the north—not to mention the increasing possibility of eventual Russian action on the other flank of the same vital Manchurian position. And even without these threats, can their best efforts ashore counterbalance their failure at sea? Japanese naval strategy is tradition-

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ally based on the theory of the transport fleet, to carry the army, and the protective squadron, to convoy the troopships. Fleet action is always avoided: the fleet's function is to protect troopship waters. But Saipan is *in* troopship waters; in failing to prevent our lodgment there, the fleet utterly failed to justify its reason for existence.

Moreover, even the highly correct—from a Japanese view—tip-and-run aerial-naval raid proved very costly in the Battle of the Eastern Philippines: without being able to join surface action, we sank one, probably sank another, and disabled two of the four large new aircraft carriers the enemy sent to meet us. The fabulous Task Force 58, officially described as "the most powerful and destructive unit in the history of sea warfare," which can launch more than 1,000 aircraft, also destroyed 747 Japanese planes. This impressive damage was all gain: the Japanese failed to halt the Saipan operation and failed to reduce our relative combat strength. Thus the policy of avoiding risk in a fleet engagement has allowed us to build strength so overpowering that we have neutralized the Marianas, and, as Secretary Forrestal says, has opened the way to blows against the Japanese mainland, the Philippines, and the East Indies.

Things are moving fast in the Pacific, thanks to the fleet-train, which enables us to carry our bases forward with us in a great variety of supply and repair vessels; and it seems most unlikely that the Japanese can finish their big and desperate job in China before Task Force 58, aided by the Superfortresses, will provide a more crashing distraction than Saipan on the enemy's weak side—the sea, where lie the home islands of Japan.

A Soldier's Letter to Mrs. Luce

BY WILLIAM J. CALDWELL

THE night of June 27 Clare Luce made a lovely speech. It worried me to beat hell because of one ruthless political practice it revealed.

Mrs. Luce talked about some friends of mine.

She talked about a lanky kid from Kentucky who used to be my tail-gunner—until a Jap 20 mm. caught him in the stomach.

She talked about a Greek from Brooklyn—a cook who brewed coffee for us combat crews before an 0300 Take Off, until Washing-Machine Charlie dropped one square on the mess hall.

She talked about a fighter pilot whose name I never knew. This pilot gave our bomber fighter protection one day—until he had to bail out and was machine-gunned to his death in his parachute.

Mrs. Luce talked about these men—and hundreds of thousands of their comrades, the American War Dead.

I was glad to hear her talk about them. Too few people outside their "next of kin" even think about these dead ones. Too few people take time to plan to preserve the America they died to save.

But Mrs. Luce went one step farther; one step too far, for my money. And in that step there lies a threat that many other speakers may follow her dangerous precedent, for her speech was a powerful, vote-catching speech. And by the gods of many politicians, that's what counts.

The "step too far" was this. Politically, Mrs. Luce seemed to resurrect the men killed in action. And into their silent, cold mouths she stuffed words. For what purpose? For the purpose of supporting her own political party.

Mrs. Luce found a new kind of Charlie McCarthy. She went one better than a wooden dummy—she made her mouthpiece a dead soldier.

And a powerful mouthpiece a dead soldier makes—witness the potency of the speech he spoke for Mrs. Luce. A speech powerful enough to stir cheers and tears, a speech maybe even powerful enough to help swing an election—a brave requiem for soldier dust.

But, Mrs. Luce, is this right? Is this ventriloquism honorable and decent?

Or is it obscene prostitution of your dead?

Presumably your reply is, "Yes, it is honorable. My intentions were high. The end—the instalment of my party (the good of America)—justifies the means."

But upon your slim shoulders weighs a responsibility heavy with the grim burden of "the young bones that bleach on the tropical

William J. Caldwell was an Army Air Force sergeant at Pearl Harbor when the Japs attacked. As a radio operator and gunner he saw action at the Battle of Midway and on sixty-eight bombing missions in the Southwest Pacific. He spent nine months on Guadalcanal. He was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, Air Medal, Purple Heart, and Presidential Citation. This letter, from a twenty-five-year-old veteran of this war, is intended neither as a personal attack nor as a partisan plea. It is irrelevant, he says, that he is a Republican.

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roads of Bataan," that fill the earth beneath white crosses scattered the globe around.

You went on to say, Mrs. Luce, that "this convention is gathered together . . . to clarify what his [G. I. Joe's] wants are likely to be in the next four years and to plan to meet those needs . . . before this convention is done, it will clearly interpret his [the fighting man's] long-term wants in keynote and platform, and to the honoring of them our candidate will pledge himself."

Indeed a noble and praiseworthy sentiment. But, Mrs. Clairvoyant Luce, who besides your good self is at Chicago to reveal the fighters' "long-term" wants? Are you sure that sometimes *his* long-term wants may not be mixed up with *your* long-term wants?

A skeptical thought I admit. But what happened last time? Will no one allow the men themselves to decide what they want? Will no one give them time to *fight* and *win* and *come home?* And then grant them the American right of speaking for themselves. Please allow at least the living to talk for themselves, Mrs. Luce—if not the dead.

Do not cease, please do not anyone cease, from *planning* for the future of the veterans. But before these plans become actions, let the veterans look them over. Men who fight for their way of life and their country often think about them too.

Mrs. Luce is convinced that George Washington and today's G. I. Joe would prefer a gallery seat at the Republican convention to a gallery seat at the Democratic convention. Surely if heaven grants men peace and wisdom, our soldier dead would spend their days elsewhere than in the Chicago Stadium or the lobby of the Stevens Hotel.

While the blood is still wet on the beaches of France, upon the steeps of Saipan, politicians in foxholes from Pennsylvania to the Stevens Hotel are already making election propaganda out of their dead. Must the bones of our soldiers and sailors so soon be used as muck-shovels to sling mud from political party to political party?

Our dead belong first to themselves—and then to us, to America, not to this party or that. Let the *country* pledge faith, then, to the dead, and to the living who fight to protect it.

For the sake of those men who lie beneath the white crosses of our military graves, let there be an end *now* to this carving of campaign buttons from the young bones that bleach on the sands and rot in the mud.

It's in the Bag for F.D.R.

BY I. F. STONE

Chicago, June 29

CHICAGO is magnificent, a brutal force, an imperial city. Walt Whitman would have loved the splendor of its lake front, the skyline that challenges New York's, the luxury of Michigan Avenue and the flop houses of West Madison, the traveling salesmen and the tarts in the midtown hotels, the tireless human tides of the Loop. Little of that exuberant vitality was evident in the Republican National Convention, where droves of newspapermen foraged for scraps of news and delegates moved with bovine apathy into the Dewey camp. The Brickerites, with their boys' choir, lady cellist, and hymns, had something of the fervor of a Methodist revival, though with the sedateness proper in people from the right side of the tracks. The Stassenites were an isolated little band of Puritan internationalists, righteous, horrified, and impotent amid so much compromise with Colonel McCormick and sin. Willkie was only a voice offstage. The Dewey machine was modern, efficient, and triumphant, as slick as an advertising campaign by Batten, Barton, Durstine, and Osborn, proof to Chicago that politics is as susceptible to mass production as meat packing.

The convention itself required a strong stomach and a robust taste for humanity, not in the raw, where idealists may savor it, but in the pretentious and ribald package, human hamburger served up as Salisbury steak with a sprig of parsley. For this was country-club America gathering, respectable and prosperous America, the party of the small-town banker and lawyer as well as the party of Wall and State streets. Bald heads and well-lined paunches filled the rich lobbies of the Stevens. The pretty girl elevator operators got the libidinous eye of the men, the disapproving state of big-bosomed battle-axes accustomed to preside over the better women's clubs. The convention was no place for anemic prigs or pallid political moralists; it is a little late in the day to demonstrate that the Republican Party does not sincerely intend to build socialism in one country. The best guidebook to the spectacle was not Aristotle or Bryce but Balzac and Sinclair Lewis; here was the petty bourgeoisie in all its greed, cunning, caution, and stupidity; here also was Main Street, standardized but energetic, the horizons narrow but the faces friendly. The delegate's conception of politics may be cretinish, but he's a nice guy to drink beer with at a bar.

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The most devoted were the Brickerites, good papas and mamas from small Ohio towns, likable people who trim their lawns and teach their little boys to wash behind the ears. Dewey's girls—he flooded the town with them Sunday—were cover girls, of a well-pasteurized loveliness, from the better agencies, and at least one of them confessed that she was a Democrat. But Bricker's were soulful young things who really thought the big, handsome, gray-haired ham a hero. I was at a Bricker rally Saturday night and heard the Governor's people cheer as he said, "I have been all around this country during the last few months. I know the longings of its people. I know their heart-beats. I know what they want. They want a *real* American for President." Bricker wears his hair like William Butler Yeats, but he's pure Throttlebottom.

No such evangelism was visible in the Dewey camp. Typical scene was that in the Missouri caucus over the week-end, as reported to me second hand. "Now look, boys," was the appeal, "we got to be practical. Remember last time when Pennsylvania missed the boat. One of the best newspapermen in America tells me Dewey already has 840 delegates. He'll be nominated before they ever get to the M's on the roll call. Now let's send our pledges up to Jaeckle and Sprague." So the pledges rolled in, and it was clear that the last possibility of hopeless battle was over Wednesday morning when Joe Martin hammered away with his huge burlesque-show gavel and shouted, "I introduce the Governor of Ohio." Americans like a good loser, and Bricker had the delegates as well as the galleries with him when he withdrew in favor of Dewey. Dewey's nomination produced a five-minute ovation; the delegates cheered Bricker for seventeen. The resentment of the convention broke through when Senator Ball, his face refreshingly different from the pompous statesmen and Honest Johns crowding the platform, withdrew Stassen's candidacy. "Ours," he said angrily, "has been a clean fight."

The formal addresses, interminable in the Turkish-bath atmosphere of the triple-tiered Chicago stadium, were an anthology of clichés; the nominating speeches an orgy of mixed metaphor. Joe Martin said the convention was meeting "in a solemn moment of our history" while we were "locked in a deadly struggle" with "a cruel foe" and "pouring out our treasure," the last being particularly irksome to economy-minded Republicans. Local talent won by a nose in the mixed-metaphor sweepstakes, a Chicago judge calling Dewey a Galahad in shining armor out to get the Holy Grail to perform the Augean task of smashing gang rule forever.

The only good speech of the convention was one made by Colonel Romulo, MacArthur's aide on Bataan, a Filipino with his people's gift for rhetoric, ". . . tell them how we starved . . . tell them how we made bombs out of pop bottles. . . ." Everyone mentioned the war, but no one else made it seem real. Hoover, when he spoke, seemed tired and old. When he finished, the sweat poured from his face under the huge klieg lights and his hand shook so he could not put his glasses in his pocket. Elderly men in sweaty shirts with big cigars waved and cheered the last Republican President with affection felt for a vanished moment in their own youth.

The other speeches, in their standard hollowness and uproarious illiteracy, were not offensive; they invoked the standard semantic symbols of the party. The one speech in bad taste—a feeling I found shared by people whose political views are quite unlike my own—was Clare Luce's bedtime story in the Orphan Annie manner of how G. I. Jim was haunting the convention, "Yes, maybe he was brought here by General George Washington. All Americans know that the General's spirit has watched over every gathering where Presidents have been picked for 147 years. . . ." This was applying whimsy with a shovel. Her attack on the President, leading any stranger to assume that the Republican Party had been the lonely voice during the '30's against the Axis and isolationism, was cheap and contemptible.

The stage managers of the convention, who seemed to have a gift for anti-climax, made Dewey's triumphal entrance a trifle difficult Wednesday night by having the crowd sing "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord," which was laying it on a bit thick. The nominee himself, sired by Horatio Alger out of Sullivan and Cromwell, looked young and vigorous, and he flushed red with pleasure on the platform. (My story wouldn't be complete without Mother Dewey's statement to the press, "I never thought of Tom's growing up to be President. I just wanted him to be a good boy and he was—most always.") Dewey was not turgid. He was brief, compact, and competent, but he didn't say anything, and I had the feeling that the crowd would have preferred the old-fashioned hooey. The reception given him was short and sedate and quite unlike that customary at conventions. The lack of enthusiasm was not a good Republican sign for November.

Nowhere was the rubber-stamp character of the convention more apparent than in the extraordinary session Tuesday afternoon to adopt the platform. Starved for a story, some of us had hoped that the Willkie statement and the Edge protest would stir a fight on the floor against the foreign-policy plank. But not more than 10 per cent of the delegates put in an appearance at the platform session. The plank against more than two terms for President stirred the most applause. The response was mild even to the promise of "rigid economy," an old G. O. P. standby. There was a sprinkling of handclaps for a permanent FEPC and against lynching. But for the most part the delegates listened unresponsively as Taft read the entire platform. He moved its adoption. The motion was seconded. There was a scattering of

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"ayes" and no "noes." The Republicans had a platform.

I don't know what the foreign-policy plank means, but I think its best exposition may be found in the radio address Bricker made last Saturday night. "And finally," Bricker said, "the people of this nation want a foreign policy which will afford them reasonable assurance that their sons and daughters shall not again be asked to lay down their lives on the field of battle. They want America to be helpful in the world. They want America to have a place in a cooperative organization of sovereign nations, but"—and at this point Bricker faced the other way—"but they want no dictatorial world state, no military alliances, no international police force, and no international diplomacy that would lower our standard of living or deprive us of freedom of action." This is the 1920 catch-all formula over again, and those who want a fairly enduring peace can hardly be taken in by it. The Democratic plank will probably be little better than that. But the difference between Roosevelt and the Republican nominees is the difference between a man who wants some international order but is trimming his sails to placate the isolationists, and men who are opposed to an international order but are throwing out a few coy come-ons to those who want peace and security.

"I smell New Dealers," pudgy, raucous, but shrewd Gerald L. K. Smith cried in a speech to his followers last Sunday after they forced their way into the Stevens ballroom. The smell is strong in the domestic planks of the Republican platform. Like every Republican platform since 1936, it accepts the basic principles and legislation of the New Deal and in effect criticizes only their administration. Dewey and the men around him, though they stand naturally with the haves against the have-nots of our society, have no government philosophy of their own. They know it would be politically unsafe to call for repeal of New Deal legislation and are left only with the issue of efficient government. This is not a very exciting issue even when dressed up in unpopular words like "bureaucracy." In normal times natural dissatisfaction with the "ins" would make this a good-enough lever for Tweedledum to oust Tweedledee with. But this is not that kind of a year.

I think the general feeling here among the newspapermen and, in private, the politicians is that the Republican Party will not make its come-back until 1948, and Mark Sullivan has hinted as much. The time spent by the Republicans in answering the old saw about changing horses in midstream indicates that it has them worried. If the war is going well, Roosevelt's chances will be helped. If it should take a turn for the worse, the atmosphere will not be conducive to an all-out partisan campaign against him. On domestic issues the Republicans are New Dealers in spite of themselves, and have no clear line on which to fight. The biggest issue of the campaign will be that of American cooperation with a new world order, and that is an issue on which enough Republicans feel deeply to win several million crucial votes for Roosevelt. The Democrats will make a mistake if they place too much stress on Dewey's youth; they have too many old fogies hanging around Washington. But the question of Dewey's experience and maturity in dealing with leaders of other countries and in coping with the problems of the peace is a real one and will also keep many votes in the Roosevelt column.

The Chicago convention was the convention of a do-nothing party run by say-nothing politicians hankering for the past but afraid to speak up for it—even Bricker attacked "reactionaries who would return to 'the good old days.'" With Willkie as its candidate, this party might have won enough progressives away from Roosevelt to win. With Dewey and Bricker, the party will only alienate enough conservative internationalist Republicans to lose. Mr. Roosevelt will win in November, and some chance of a decent world order will win with him.

75 Years Ago in "The Nation"

ON THE WHOLE, WE THINK the political prospect at the South very encouraging. The acceptance of Negro suffrage as the basis of the new political regime by the white Virginians and Georgians, who are in a majority, has set an example which Mississippi will probably follow; and we shall, within a year or two, see the colored men admitted to the political arena all over the South, and fairly engaged in the game of politics with their white neighbors. —*July 15, 1869.*

THE INCREASED FREQUENCY OF DUELS lately observed goes far to show that the natural character of the Italians is, like everything else in the Peninsula, undergoing certain changes, and it would be false philosophy to deny that, in history, change means progress, and that dueling is a vast improvement on the time-honored use of the dagger and the poisoned ring.—*July 15, 1869.*

THERE IS A VERY PLEASANT RUMOR afloat about "representation" to be addressed to the Spanish government by our own on behalf of the Cubans, looking to an amicable settlement of the present troubles and the concession to the Cubans, if not of national independence, of autonomy. . . . Nobody is so well fitted to play the part of mediator as the United States, and the exceeding courage, loyalty, and integrity with which she has enforced the neutrality laws will give additional weight to all she may say.—*July 22, 1869.*

FRANCE IS RESOLVED to participate in the work of the government; resolved, above all, not to let her money be scattered about, as it has been, wilfully, sinfully, and secretly. The Emperor, like all men who have wielded sovereign power in modern times, is ready to submit to the decrees of popular opinion in the last resort; but, like all his brother sovereigns, he suffers himself to be deceived as to the genuineness and intensity of the popular will.—*July 29, 1869.*

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Sex and the Censor

BY PHILIP WYLIE

CENSORSHIP is epidemic at the moment. The long and absurd trial of *Esquire* magazine by the postal authorities was an early sign of this particular pox of priggishness. It has spread and taken several forms.

In the fall of 1943 the Concord Book Store in New York issued a mail-order catalogue of standard books. The New York Post Office sent word to the shop that the 35,000 catalogues were unmailable because they advertised titles that fell under the classification of obscene literature. The questioned titles were stated to be Voltaire's "Candide," Balzac's "Droll Stories," and Hall's "Well of Loneliness." The Postmaster asserted that the titles were on a forbidden list in the General Post Office in Washington. He refused to produce the full list. The Concord Book Shop, feeling that it could not fight the case, overprinted the offending titles and sent out the catalogues, purged of their obscenity!

The time-dishonored Boston farce was played again over "Strange Fruit," a fine novel which contains a dirty word. Bernard DeVoto bought a copy nearby the city that is full of beans and short of liberal stamina. He was brought to trial, and the sale of the book was enjoined. Word came from the Post Office that the trial was being watched as an example—and the publishers of "Strange Fruit" had a brush with these people, who apparently were considering a graft of Boston bigotry upon the whole nation.

On the complaint of John S. Sumner, secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, Magistrate Charles G. Keutgen of New York City has held the Dial Press for the Court of Special Sessions in the matter of "The First Lady Chatterley," by D. H. Lawrence. Magistrate Keutgen calls the book "clearly obscene" and defines an obscene book as one "which contravenes the moral law and tends to subvert respect for decency and morality."

Now there is no such thing as sex "moral law" in any legal sense. Free men differ greatly in their opinion of sex morals. Decency also is a matter of diverse definitions. If I understand Magistrate Keutgen correctly, any book could be called "obscene" and be suppressed which merely undertook to debate the moral pretensions of, say, middle-class American society. In the Chatterley book Lawrence tends to take the view that it is dangerous to the physical and mental health of his heroine to remain continent. This view Magistrate Keutgen evidently regards as obscene in itself—from which, I assume, he would also suppress all psychological, medical, and scientific works that present any evidence to support that opinion. It is a most extraordinary attitude, for this century.

I myself have recently witnessed a still more startling application of the prude's scissors and the prig's blue pencil—work done upon a splendid manuscript by the censors in the public-relations office of one of the services. The manuscript told a story of fighting men in naturalistic terms but with a reverential spirit. When the censors were done with it, there was no spirit left, and the fighting men talked in language suitable for the foyer of a Y. W. C. A. Fortunately, a higher and more discerning officer undid the desecration and restored the manuscript to its original condition. But it is no secret that, in this war, it is "policy" to hide so far as possible from the folks the fact that soldiers and sailors possess libido.

Incidentally, an interesting example of an official guardian's attempt to protect the morals of the troops was the banning of the book of soldier songs "Give Out," published by the Arrowhead Press. This book enjoyed great popularity in the camps, some 25,000 copies having been sold through post exchanges before the New York Postmaster sniffed it out. Then the mails were denied it. The publishers, acting with the American Civil Liberties Union, sued, and the case went to trial in federal court in the District of Columbia. The judge ruled that the New York Postmaster was quite within his rights in banning the book and that the evidence showed that his decision was not an arbitrary one.

The most recent case of an attempt to block books containing dangerous ideas or forbidden words has no relation to sex manners. It does, however, have the sound and smell of authoritarianism. A few weeks ago the Council for Books in Wartime, which has been publishing a special Armed Services Edition of books of a wide variety for American soldiers overseas, was notified by the Adjutant General of the army that several titles could not be included. Among them were "Yankee from Olympus," a biography of the late Justice Holmes, by Catherine Drinker Bowen, "One Man's Meat," a book of essays by E. B. White, and "The Republic," by Charles A. Beard. The Adjutant General decided that they came under Title V of the Soldiers' Vote Act, which prohibits distribution to the armed services of "books containing political argument or political propaganda of any kind calculated to affect the result of a federal election." Back

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to "Terry and the Pirates," boys; you can die for your country, but we can't risk exposing you to the idea books of this democracy of ours.

To these cases could be added the endless list of books Catholics are prohibited from reading and the books ministers indict, the books libraries refuse to house and the books the bookshops refuse to stock. Banning a book is the same as burning it, in the eyes of God—and we all know what became of the people who burned their books.

If this pernicious and regressive situation were to spread and increase, we ought in due time to regard it either as a most sinister social manifestation or as evidence that there is something rotten—and thoroughly organized—in the state of Denmark. Even so, I myself would confidently expect the American majority, as soon as it had the time and the opportunity to perceive the spectacle, to smite it and the sanctimonious prurience it connotes. For the censoring of "obscenity" is the work of the impure, to whom all things are impure; illegal dirtiness cannot be detected save by a mind in which subjective dirtiness has already been installed, organized, regimented, codified—and doted on, too, as the science of psychology has shown.

But I suspect that the present outbreak of senseless censorship is a hysterical expression, in part retrospective in nature, and in part anticipatory. The part that is memory refers back to the last war, at the end of which occurred a revolution in manners that resulted in a new candor, an educational step forward, and a fresh accessibility of good literature, both current and classical. Undoubtedly many persons in our society who regarded that step not as an achievement but as a mortal sin now automatically fear that it may be repeated at the conclusion of this war. Nothing could be more natural than that such persons would endeavor to block any putative river of change by raising dams in it ahead of the peace. And those who cannot even raise dams can throw stones.

I further suspect that enough unwished truth about the state of the world at this instant, of the people in it, of their sex morals and their sex manners has leaked out to the ears of prudes to put them on their guard—enough to throw them, indeed, into utter tizzie. Not only have about a quarter of the women in the world been steadily exposed to rape for the last half-decade, but vast sections of the so-called civilized globe have been given to a multitude of experiments in patriotic illegitimacy, forced breeding, and what not. Once peace is regained and communications restored, these conditions will have their effect on the behavior of us all—or, at least, on our thoughts.

Again, any person who has held much intimate converse with factory workers on the war production fronts will know that the invasion of the machine-shops by women has not made polite eunuchs of all male workers. Little has been published about this matter yet, and it is still largely confined to action, but I think it is not going too far to say that the very plain changes in the sex *mores* of the American people have reached all levels of our society and that such shifts in behavior cannot be arrested or even affected by the withholding of particular printed matter.

Moreover, some ten or eleven millions of young men, which is nearly all our young men, will come home one day with a marked enlargement of biological vocabulary and knowledge, as well as a statistical increment of experience.

These are facts. To all persons who regard a relaxation of sex taboo as essentially intolerable, such conditions must be most terrifying. Because these people react through fear, they do not examine any data, and they do not counter-propose any kind of teaching or education or even exhortation. They simply yell for the cops to put a stop to what evidence they do see—*Esquire*, "Strange Fruit," *et al.*

Since the Catholic church has been the most dogmatic group in these affairs, and the most high-handed in insisting upon a national application of its dogma, censorship has most often arisen in predominantly Catholic communities and has been invoked most often by Catholics. The Protestant church has followed as a sometimes more liberal second. But inasmuch as the majority of the American people do not belong to any church, the rules governing American sex morality are not by real right the business of any church whatever. Churches are free, under our system, to ask but not to demand or impose—which they have constantly done. Freedom of religion is not a blanket license of peculiar dogma, although it is quite possible for hysterical zealots to overcome and betray the common sense of the whole people in such a disheveling time as war. Passage of the prohibition amendment furnished an example of that kind of catastrophe.

However, I do not believe the censors will manage to prohibit sex. I do think it is unfortunate that current censorship should be so often indicated by the swinging censer of religion. The Catholic neutrals and the Protestant pacifists bear a grave if negative load of responsibility for this war; by insisting now upon the performance of their obnoxious Nice-Nellie-isms they only make themselves the more conspicuously tragic. They should, rather, face the realities with which we, all of us, are trying to deal nowadays. They should abandon the old disastrous policy of ignorance compelled. Where they are afraid they should honestly seek the reasons of their fear. Where they are uninformed they should be taught. Where they are full of arrogance and moral tyranny, they should be stopped, both in the name of democracy and in the name of truth.

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The Record of the REA

BY JUDSON KING

AT THE ninth annual birthday dinner of the Rural Electrification Administration at St. Louis on May 11, Administrator Harry Slattery announced that more than 1,000,000 farmers and business and industrial consumers in rural areas who were unable to get electric service before the advent of the REA are now being supplied; also that plans are being perfected for a tremendous post-war expansion.

It is high time. Perhaps in another nine years, if the REA is permitted to function as originally intended, the United States will catch up with other advanced nations in this respect. That objective, however, will not be reached unless this splendid agency is kept free from politics and graft and is protected by federal and state law from strangulation by the private power companies.

A generation ago the idea of "area service"—that is, of making electricity as available in rural regions as in cities and towns—was scoffed at as a dream of impractical idealists. Today the REA, by making the dream come true, has captured the imagination of the American people and become universally popular. What is not understood in urban circles, however, and what needs sharp emphasis, is the fact that cheap electric *motor power* in barn and field, as well as lights, running water, and refrigerators in the farm home, is necessary for the rehabilitation of agriculture in this country. By "cheap" is meant an average cost of around 1 cent per kilowatt hour instead of the 3 to 10 cents now charged. Such a price would bring current within the reach of the pocket-books of the middle- and lower-income farmers, including share-croppers, who constitute over 80 per cent of our rural population. And it is not a pipe dream. Already some of the older cooperatives in the TVA region, as well as around Tacoma and in the Bonneville area in Washington and Oregon, are selling current at 1.5 cents or less. How can they do it? Their lines are being amortized, and they benefit from the very cheap wholesale rates of public-power dams.

Five years after the close of World War I only 177,000 American farms—2.6 per cent—were electrified. Thousands of progressive farmers were growing restless, and private industry moved to meet the demand. In 1923 the National Electric Light Association, representing 90 per cent of the nation's electric utilities, formed a "Committee on the Relation of Electricity to Agriculture," and started an impressive campaign to "electrify rural America." It invited and obtained the active cooperation of the national farm organizations, the agricultural colleges, the appliance manufacturers, the American Society of Agricultural Engineers, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and the United States Department of Agriculture, of Commerce, and of the Interior.

During the next eleven years some $2,400,000 was spent on research, experimentation, and an intensive advertising campaign to "sell" electricity to our farmers. By 1935 the industry's own statistics showed that 743,954 farms were being served. That meant only 11 per cent; some 6,000,000 farms were as yet without current —this at a time when from 50 to 80 per cent of the farms in the advanced countries of Europe, in New Zealand, and even in Japan were electrified. In the winter of 1934 the national farm organizations, discouraged and disgusted, withdrew from the Committee on the Relation of Electricity to Agriculture. The grand effort of free enterprise to solve this great socio-economic problem had failed.

It had failed because of the rates charged, which were so high that only the rich farmers could afford to pay them. At the start of the campaign the utilities asserted that rates were not an essential factor, and the cooperating agencies were silent on this point. Rate schedules were kept high in order to yield customary profits on alleged "fair values." When the campaign died down, the utilities, under stinging criticism from farm leaders, replied bluntly that the companies were "not eleemosynary institutions . . .; therefore, conspicuous advances in farm electrification must wait"—until farmers could afford it.

In the winter of 1934 the National Grange and the American Farm Bureau Federation applied to the national government for help. The Natural Resources Board and the Civil Works Administration investigated and strongly recommended federal aid. Progressives without regard to party affiliations supported the movement. Senator Shipstead, for example, promoted an electric cooperative in his own county in Minnesota in 1934, and declared that without federal-government leadership the task of farm electrification could not be accomplished within any reasonable time. In April the Emergency Relief Appropriation Act earmarked $100,000,000 for rural electrification, and on May 11, 1935, President Roosevelt by executive order created the REA. In 1936 its life was extended for ten years by the Norris-Rayburn Act.

The principal function of the REA was to make twenty-five-year loans to rural cooperative groups or public-power districts at low interest rates to enable them

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to serve themselves electrically. The present Congress has extended the term of the loans to thirty-five years. To date $382,600,000 has been lent out, at an average interest rate of 2.5 per cent. "Area service" is a different thing from the company practice of running a few lines into thickly settled neighborhoods, and to protect the government loans the REA set up legal, finance, engineering, research, utilization, and other divisions at headquarters. The job of the technical staffs of the REA was to make cheap current possible, and they did it.

A "co-op" comes into being about as follows. Farmers and others in an unserved area organize a non-profit cooperative under state law, with the aid usually of an REA field man. They hire an engineer, draw up plans, and apply for a loan. If investigation shows the project will pay and the engineering plans are sound, a loan is made by the REA. The co-op proceeds with construction, and presently the area has light and power, distributed by itself. Power is purchased wholesale from private utilities. If the price is too high, the co-op builds its own generating plant. Some co-ops cover a relatively small area with a few hundred members; others serve four or five counties with from 5,000 to 8,000 members.

Rural America eagerly embraced the opportunity offered by the REA. Though construction was abruptly halted by the war, there are now 812 cooperatives in 45 states serving 1,115,056 rural consumers. The essential test for the conservative mind is, are these co-ops paying? The answer is that on April 1 the total amount due on all REA loans, principal and interest, was $50,252,000 and that the government had been repaid $16,131,794 in excess of that amount in advance payments. Only 9 of the 812 co-ops, whose average age is four and a half years, were in real financial trouble. Social benefits are well and good, but it is this evidence of financial success that has brought the REA almost universal approval.

The continued hostility of the private utilities, which is intensifying as peace approaches, has puzzled many people. Why, they ask, should the utilities fight against the accomplishment of a needed task which they declined to undertake; especially when the REA Act of 1936 prohibits loans to farm co-ops in territory already served by private companies? The reasons are simple. The power trust knows that co-op rates are lower than company city rates and that this is bound to have a

To Marshal v. Kesselring
"Sir, Marshal von Rundstedt wants two of your crack divisions for Normandy"
"Tell him we're all coming"

"WAR OF MOVEMENT" IN ITALY

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powerful effect upon public opinion. Like all big business men, utility leaders fear the spread of the cooperative idea. When the REA challenged the supremacy of the private utilities, their executives suddenly began doing what they had declared was impossible. *Since 1935 they have electrified as many farms as the cooperatives.*

The total effect, then, of the establishment of the REA is that today some 42 per cent of American farms are electrified as against 11 per cent in 1935. However, the job is not yet one-half done, and the rest cannot wait indefinitely. Medium and small farmers are threatened by large-scale mechanized farming today just as small business is threatened by big business, and competitive enterprise by monopoly. To meet this threat they must have adequate modern machinery and electric power.

If we take a broad view of it, the farm problem is the same that faces our people in every field of endeavor. The crux of it is whether dollars shall be placed above human welfare. All intelligent men and women are aware of the approaching crisis. Hence the encouraging multiplicity of post-war planning. The REA has something constructive to offer. When nineteenth-century banker-utility practices failed them, American farmers, with the aid of their government, started doing the rural-electrification job themselves. Encouraged by success, they propose to finish the task.

In response to the inquiry of a Senate committee on post-war planning, REA officials, after a careful survey, have stated that to meet rural demands a loan program of $500,000,000 will be required in the first three years of peace. The long-range job is much larger. There are more than 6,500,000 rural dwellings, farm and non-farm, without electric service in the United States. There are more than 5,000,000 farms and small business and industrial units which can be served without subsidies. Nearly 2,000,000 miles of line will be required, costing over $1,500,000,000. Wiring and plumbing will cost $1,300,000,000. Last but not least, the task will require more than 700,000,000 man-hours of labor for line construction and farmstead wiring and plumbing—a direct contribution to the menacing unemployment problem. In addition, this extension of plant will create a demand for more than $2,500,000,000 worth of farm and home appliances and equipment.

That is a healthy program, and, mind you, it is "feasible"—financially sound, self-sustaining, and self-liquidating. It is not a drain on the taxpayers, nor does it mean more bureaucracy, centralization, or dictation from Washington or St. Louis. The REA administrator said recently at a state Rural Electrification Association meeting: "The doorway of post-war opportunity through rural electrification stands open. But it is a doorway which each unelectrified community must enter for itself by accepting the initiative and responsibility for its own planning."

Unfortunately, the REA has troubles that arise from within as well as from without. Created as an independent agency, it was put in 1939 under the Department of Agriculture, with unsatisfactory results. Some months ago a Senate committee began an investigation to discover just how the agency has fared under Agriculture, and whether it should not be restored to its original independent status. The committee also wants to know what is behind the attempt to force the resignation of Administrator Slattery; are some persons trying to put the REA and the cooperatives into politics? The inquiry is not yet completed, but on June 23 the committee issued an interim report recommending that the REA be made an independent agency again.

[*This is the first of two articles on the REA.*]

In the Wind

AFTER MEDITATING UPON the nomination of Governor Dewey by the Republicans, the Louisville *Courier-Journal* reports, a Tennessee farmer made this observation: "It's never a good idea to change horses in the middle of the stream. But if I ever come to that pass where I've got to consider doing it, I will sure draw the line at changing to a Shetland pony."

ADDRESSING THE ANNUAL DINNER of the University of Chicago alumni, Donald R. Richberg, former NRA administrator, warned that a battle of the home front will come as soon as the war of liberation is over. This is all because the reaction to Nazi claims of superiority has produced "an equally insane line of thinking" in this country to the effect that persons "in obviously inferior positions must be given superior rights so that they can maintain their claimed equality with their actual superiors."

DEPARTMENT OF CENSORSHIP: According to *Editor and Publisher,* a human-interest story about a tank driver in Castelforte, written for the Chicago *Tribune,* was held up by the censor. When it finally went through, the fact was deleted that the G. I.'s wife back home was an expectant mother. Tracked down by an irate correspondent, the censor explained that he cut it out because the Germans would be able to deduce that the soldier had been home within nine months, and would know that "newly arrived troops were facing them in Rome." The over-zealous censor was shipped back from Italy to Algiers.

FESTUNG EUROPA: In the City Hall square of Copenhagen the Danish tourist association has a little wooden hut in which it sells lottery tickets. A citizen went over to one of the many German tanks kept in the square, knocked on the "window," and asked the astounded soldier, "Do you sell lottery tickets here?"

[*The prize for the best item received in June goes to Pfc. H. H. for the example of big-business logic which he extracted from a speech by Eugene Holman, vice-president of the Standard Oil Company. It appeared in the issue of June 17.*]

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Allied Propaganda to Occupied Europe

[*As Allied armies advance against the aggressor in Europe from east and west, the trend of thought in the occupied countries becomes of increasing interest. Exact knowledge of the sentiments and aspirations of the Europe which is resisting Hitler is a prerequisite of effective political warfare. If anyone has believed that this section has exaggerated the strength of the underground, he has only to read the recent statements of General Eisenhower to be set right. Since the reactions of people in the occupied countries to Allied propaganda and political warfare are so important, we are happy to reprint here the report of a "correspondent lately in Norway," published in the London* Economist *on May 20.*]

IN THE free world Allied propaganda to occupied countries is discussed only sporadically. In occupied territory it has, at any rate until recently, been a subject of daily discussion. To the free world the subject is theoretical; critics and defenders alike lack first-hand knowledge of the conditions under which it is received and of its effect on its public. People under occupation know this, but for their part are in ignorance of the general background of events from which propaganda agencies select and adapt their material; nor do they know the policy guiding propaganda. In either case discussion of the subject is handicapped. Given good-will, some of the difficulties might be overcome, but it is necessary for people in the free world to try to acquaint themselves with the fundamental experiences and views of people living under occupation and to bring an open mind to the problem.

It is impossible in a short article to give people in the free world an adequate impression of the circumstances and attitude of the recipients of propaganda. It would involve trying to correct and supplement the picture the free world has constructed for itself of people under occupation, which on so many points differs from reality. Active patriots who come out from the stimulating, rich, and alert political and intellectual life in an occupied country feel astonishment, then consternation, and ultimately despair when they fully realize what assumptions neutrals and Allies have made about them.

Nazi occupation and democratic resistance form an experience with a deep and far-reaching effect on the community and on individuals. The citizen has had to face fundamental ethical and political problems, and individually to make up his mind about them; he has in consequence acquired a deeper insight and a clearer realization about what those values are for which we fight. Political consciousness is found in wider circles than ever before. And it is not merely a primitive, emotional, nationalistic attitude; there have developed a calm, reasoned, democratic conviction, an open mind, and a readiness to discuss fundamental and controversial matters without prejudice. It is true that the loss of normal, ordered society may give rise to moral problems, but it is overwhelmingly clear that the self-discipline, cooperation, and mutual helpfulness which have risen out of the background of official lawlessness give great promise for further constructive developments; official lawlessness has created a heightened regard for constitutional law. A characteristic feature is also a strong and growing internationalism. The problems of state sovereignty and of the sovereignty of the people are regarded with deep interest, and a constructive attitude is prevalent.

FREEDOM OF INFORMATION

The first of the four freedoms, that of speech and opinion, is at the center of interest. Circumstances have given an added perspective to the discussion, and the concept has received a twentieth-century interpretation. The primitive right to speak one's mind is not felt to be the central issue—experience has proved that it is difficult to prevent people from expressing an opinion—but the essence of the problem is felt to be the *right of access to information*. Even under oppression man finds ways of saying what he thinks and of influencing the views of others, even if it cannot be done publicly. But the use of power to withhold, or pervert, essential information is looked upon as the sin against the Holy Ghost.

Much disappointment might have been avoided if the policy behind the Allied propaganda services had been made available in a clear form. Recently *Time* described the function of the Office of War Information as being to supply "the truth, but not the whole truth." This tallies perfectly with the conclusions reached after four years' observation of Allied propaganda. Its underlying assumption is, presumably, that the whole truth would have a weakening effect. It is, of course, realized that some information has to be withheld for military and security reasons. But the restrictions operate more widely than that, with the result that people have to brave the Gestapo and listen in all day and night in the hope of collecting valuable items from all the different broadcast services. The answer to the assumption about the dangerous effect of truth on morale was given by an old

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politician, who said in a discussion of whether it would be wise to circulate secretly a straightforward statement about a patriotic reverse, "Truth has never weakened the front." His view was not followed, for fear of such a weakening, and the result was uncontrolled rumors which had a depressing effect.

NAZI AND ALLIED NEWS

In practice, war-time information, both of the Nazis and in democracies, has two aspects—the provision of news, and political influence combined with the stiffening of morale. News is given the greatest space, and it also serves the other objective. The Allied news services aim at providing a corrective for the Nazi news services by publishing true items. This corrective function had a complete success over two years ago in the field covered, which is mainly that of military news. Until nearly the end of 1941 the German news services provided communiqués and other information with fictitious items. But the German propaganda authorities came to understand that too wide a discrepancy between their news and Allied news was a bad thing for them, and were sufficiently realistic to act accordingly. The unrestrained flights of imagination were given up, and since 1941-42 German communiqués have been materially correct. It must be considered a real victory that Allied information has forced the enemy to a complete reversal of his policy with regard to facts. But it is precisely after this achievement that the importance of the Allied news service has been constantly on the decline. Until 1941-42 it was in combat with the Nazi service in the field of war news. Now the enemy keeps quiet, although he still continues to be a menace, and the Allied news service is in a situation similar to that of "a fleet in being," which by merely existing contains enemy forces. It is strange that the BBC should rest content with being a "propaganda machinery in being," and that no forward move has been made. Or has it not noticed the victory?

The principles of selecting news material have caused comment. The ideal has been to provide encouraging military news in every program, whether the whole of the news is good or not. The complete picture presented over a longer period may in consequence be distorted. Statistics about losses in Allied air raids made up of BBC figures can give curious results. It may happen that three raids are reported in the same transmission, and that the number of planes lost is mentioned for two where the figures are low, but passed over in silence for the third, where the figure may be high. The policy with regard to military news has a hand-to-mouth character. This has shaken confidence, not in the truth of the details given, but in the whole picture they present. The effect is illustrated in a remark by a shrewd peasant woman. When asked whether she had had the day's news she said that she had not, but that that did not make much difference, "for the London news is always good." The cumulative effect of these daily doses of "good" news, which do not add up to great achievements, is that people begin to wonder whether there are forces making the Western Allies hold back.

THE EFFECTS OF ISOLATION

Other types of news have been entirely put in the shade by the military news. On the political side the Germans almost have the field to themselves. Democratic institutions and functions hardly play any part in the propaganda of the democratic states. It is clearly impossible for those who have not experienced a long term of total isolation to realize what isolation means, or what the cumulative effect of omissions in Allied information can be. By these omissions four years of Allied information leave listeners under occupation with the feeling that in the fight for democracy, democracy itself has gone under. In the political field the right of access to factual information is denied us by our own allies and compatriots, who keep us under a total blockade of ideas. The picture of the free world inferred from this is that politically and intellectually it has grown stale. This again undermines confidence in the prospect of constructive cooperation afterward. We are becoming afraid of our allies.

The attitude of propagandists to their allies or compatriots under occupation causes concern. We are almost invariably talked down to. A recent report from a regular listener begins: "The circumstance which has caused the gravest difficulties in radio work is the feeling that they did not take their task seriously enough." Keen observers record that there is a remarkable difference in tone and frankness between the formulation of news in the BBC home service and in the European service. The motive for this must be that the European public is rated lower than the public at home. In occupied territory one has a feeling of being treated like a child—patronized, encouraged, and praised, but kept outside when serious matters are discussed. From one point of view the effect may be disastrous. In the propaganda directed to themselves occupied people are flattered more than they like, and nothing is revealed to them of the views held about them in the free world, as shown in a number of articles in periodicals and dailies. When the frontiers are opened, and the occupied peoples realize how their free allies regard them, their reaction may be violent.

It is true that Allied propaganda works under great difficulties. Propaganda to neutrals, to free allies, and to allies under occupation presents three entirely different problems. Contact with the public under occupation is meager. The Allied propaganda agencies do not have the advantage of daily free criticism and interchange of views, and thus come to work in a somewhat rarefied atmosphere. And in the loud exchange of opinion in the free world it is difficult for the still, small voice from inside occupied territory to make itself heard, even when

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suggestions and requests have been got through the barrier. The result is that whereas as late as 1943 people were still eager to make and pass out suggestions and proposals for the radio, in 1944 there is a marked falling off. It seems as if information workers inside the barrier, who are as active as ever, have resigned themselves to obtaining their material in other ways. The BBC seems to have been written off as a constructive collaborator in the political war. Its importance for military news is recognized. But it is difficult to understand why Allied propaganda has no higher ambition than to remain "a propaganda arm in being."

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

IMMEDIATELY after the opening of the "third front" a significant phenomenon was observed in Switzerland. The published account of it ran as follows:

> Reports from Zurich indicate that the Swiss banks are greatly disturbed over the enormous increase in the deposits of German-owned money in Switzerland. It is no longer a question of money brought to Switzerland by individual members of the Nazi Party for their own future use—a proceeding which has been going on for a long time. The sums flowing in of late are so large that they are believed to be funds which German Nazis expect to use to finance an illegal Nazi Party after the defeat.

This news, to be more specific, was printed in the Stockholm *Aftontidningen* on June 19. The paper added:

> It is an open secret in Germany that certain party members—in particular, members of the Gestapo and the Hitler Youth—are being trained in special schools for possible later underground activities. It can be assumed that the formidable sums now accumulating in or passing through Swiss banks are intended for the financing of such activities.

Attention is thus directed to another problem which will come up between the Allies and the neutral states after the war. Previously people have only asked what would happen to party members who succeeded in escaping to a neutral country; now we are reminded that the same question will be presented by the transference of party funds. The larger the amounts the plainer it will be that the "extradition," or at least the "internment" of these funds is scarcely less important than the extradition or internment of the Nazis themselves. Action against either will be difficult under existing international law—and little preparation for it seems to have been made.

Another financial consequence of the invasion was reported by a Swiss paper, the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* of Basel, on June 8: namely, that a few hours after the first landings the value of the German mark at the Swiss border dropped one-half.

> German railway men at the frontier stations complained to their Swiss colleagues about the drop. On Monday, June 5, they could buy a package of Swiss tobacco at the frontier buffet for four marks. On Tuesday, June 6—after the landings—they had to pay eight marks. "This is how the mark has slumped in one day," one of them said. "It started the same way last time."

It should be noted that it is a question here only of the unofficial rate of exchange of the "concrete" mark. The official rate of the "abstract" mark on the exchanges is regulated by the Reichsbank and has not changed for many years.

In November, 1942, after the Allied landings in North Africa, this column made a discovery which was soon talked about everywhere. It discovered Goebbels's invention of the slogan *Festung Europa.* The Allies, said the Propaganda Minister, could perhaps drive the Germans out of Africa, which was only the "glacis" of the fortress, but they would not succeed in breaching the *Festung Europa* itself.

The phrase entered into the world's vocabulary and retained a certain validity even after the landing in Italy. German propaganda treated Italy also as a mere glacis, and Fortress Europe, strengthened by the Atlantic Wall, remained a symbol of the Reich's invincibility.

Since this column was the first to note the birth of the slogan, it is only fitting that it should be today the first to record its death. *Festung Europa,* which for a year and a half has been the chief item in the German war catechism, has now, after a transition period of stammering vacillation, definitely disappeared. But of course the genius of Dr. Goebbels has not abandoned it without providing a successor. In its place he has produced—what a surprise!—*Festung Deutschland.* First mention of the Fortress of Germany was found in the *Völkische Beobachter* of June 18. The statement was made there that it was of course not hard for the enemy, under the protection of the guns of two fleets, to land on the "periphery" of the Continent, but that this did not really matter. Everything depended on whether the Allies could breach the Fortress of Germany—"and too much was accomplished by Germany in the earlier years of the war for it to be undone by Eisenhower; he will have no success in his announced intention of breaching *Festung Deutschland* by a coordinated attack from the west and the east."

In a word, the old theme has been transposed from the higher key of Europe to the lower key of Germany. One may hope that after *Festung Deutschland* a *Festung Preussen* will spring in due time from the fertile brain of Dr. Goebbels, and after that a *Festung Berlin,* and then a *Festung Wilhelmstrasse.*

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The One and the Many

JOSEPH THE PROVIDER. By Thomas Mann. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

NOW that Thomas Mann has brought his Joseph cycle to an end, there can remain no doubt, it seems to me, that it is one of the great imaginative efforts of our time. I know there is a growing tendency in this country to disparage the work of Mann, partly as a reaction against his heavy Olympianism, and partly, I suspect, because of the national prejudice in favor of the homespun and the hard-headed. It must be admitted that there is some ground for such reaction, especially in Mann's political pronouncements, which are full of an overheated spirituality that is not only thoroughly platitudinous but also quite indistinguishable from the Sunday rhetoric of philistinism. Even in his fiction there are occasional lapses into a sheer posture of profundity; this concluding volume of the tetralogy is marred by many dreary passages of spiritual rumination. Mann, in an apparent effort to wind up the series, has overrun his subject. Still, despite these failings, he clearly towers over his contemporaries, and it would be nothing but a piece of provincial spite to deny Mann's central place in modern writing.

Mann is the only literary survivor of what might be called the period of the world theme, when art and literature tried to grasp the *whole* of experience, when the self-consciousness of the artist was expanded into a larger human consciousness, through some symbolic, or mythical, or technical means, or all three. I have in mind, of course, the period dominated by Joyce, Proust, Yeats, Picasso. And Mann, whose earlier writing definitely carried the pathos of this tradition, has now turned, in his latest work, to an even more generalized and timeless scheme, transforming the Biblical story of Joseph into an elaborate parable of the spiritual wanderer, exile, leader: of the artist and society, the chosen and those who are left behind, the one and the many.

The conception has a forbidding grandiloquence. Yet in the main the narrative is at once lively and tense, as Mann weaves the facts of the legend and their meaning back and forth in a highly sententious style that seems to take in the particular quite as easily as the general. Mann is, above all, a master—surely the greatest living one—of the grand manner. And if he has been able at the same time to preserve the charm and the forthrightness of the original tale, it is largely because of his flair for the ironic and his unusual skill at merging the possible with the actual in the life of his characters.

So far as the basic story is concerned, "Joseph the Provider" covers the second phase of Joseph's career in Egypt, from his imprisonment by Potiphar through his triumphal rise to fame and fortune and his reunion with his family and his people. Following pretty closely the familiar outlines of the Biblical text, the novel opens with Joseph on his way to an Egyptian labor camp, where the favored son of God soon establishes his superior tact and ability and becomes the assistant and companion of the warden, a stolid but not insensitive hireling who later exchanges roles with Joseph as he accompanies him in his climb to power. The turning point comes, of course, when Joseph prophetically interprets the dreams of Pharaoh's two functionaries who have been jailed and are placed in Joseph's care, and he is eventually summoned to analyze Pharaoh's famous dream about the seven rich and seven lean years. Shrewdly exploiting his gifts and his bargaining power, Joseph not only becomes, as we know, a kind of overseer of agriculture for all Egypt, but he also captivates the starry-eyed and infantile potentate. The dramatic climax, which by the way Mann seasons with a good deal of comic interplay, is reached in the revelation to Jacob and his eleven scheming though somewhat dim-visioned sons that Joseph is alive and is none other than the great provider of Egypt; and in Jacob's apocalyptic and semi-delirious blessing, on his deathbed, of each son, delivered with all the thunderous authority of the old patriarch.

On a relatively simple symbolic level, and one that is mostly within the spirit of the story as told in Genesis, Joseph typifies the destiny-laden man, the man of the ancient world who felt himself guided by the hand of God in the sense that he was able to make his way by means of his cunning, his wisdom, and his practical knowledge of good and evil. But on this primary and primitive myth, so to speak, Mann has superimposed a modern myth, that of the artist who is at once chosen and rejected by society, who stands apart from yet is implicated in its movement; and he has filled the original myth with a wide symbolism of association, analogy, and contrast. Thus Joseph is given the pathos of the modern intellectual in his role of the alien and the sage, thriving on his wit, his feeling for reality, and his imaginative powers. He is, to complete the picture, the spoiled darling of his father and his time, the engaging narcissist, the demonic youth who ripens without getting old. At the same time—and this is really a beautiful piece of historical transposition—Joseph occupies a position of superiority and alienation not as an artist but solely by virtue of the fact that he is the leader and provider of his people, the practical man with a prophetic sense. The artist in the ancient world "belonged," as Mann puts it, "to the tribe of whistlers and fiddlers."

I have scarcely been able to suggest the many intriguing turns and sideshows of the novel. And while I think it is something of a letdown as compared with the two preceding volumes, still the entire cycle is a masterly re-creation of the human and the historical, a "play and a pattern," as Joseph himself describes his life story.

There is, one should add, just one disturbing aspect of the tetralogy: namely, that its religious overtones and its somewhat static idea of humanity may well fortify the present trend toward God-seeking and historical smugness in general. The fact is, however, that Mann's religiosity, which is largely aesthetic, represents only one side of his work, hardly

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warranting an appropriation of it as a whole by our latter-day apostles. The ambiguities and interplay of meanings of the Joseph books reach far beyond any immediate social implications. WILLIAM PHILLIPS

Presidents Should Be Strong

THE USE OF PRESIDENTIAL POWER, 1789-1943. By George Fort Milton. Little, Brown and Company. $3.

THE worst periods of our history have been when Presidents were weak and Congresses strong."

This conclusion, stated in the final chapter of Mr. Milton's case history of American Presidents, deserves to be underlined. It becomes evident in his book long before he puts it into words. It is not something he sets out to prove, in this simply written, scholarly examination of American executives, but is an inescapable deduction from a study of times, men, and events. The moral is not that Congresses should be weak, but that strong Presidents should be followed by strong Presidents.

The classic instance of evil combination, of course, is that worst of all periods, covering Civil War reconstruction, when a powerful Congress overran a succession of weak Presidents and immeasurably deepened the tragedy of that conflict. Again, the American people are paying today in death, danger, privation, and titanic money costs for the work of a strong Congress which vented its hatred on a strong President made weak by overwork and illness—Woodrow Wilson. Looking at Presidents alone, regardless of Congress, the weakness of Buchanan was the greatest tragedy in American history.

Mr. Milton measures the Presidents by their use of power in six capacities—as Chief of State, Chief of Foreign Relations, Commander-in-Chief of Army and Navy, Chief of Government, Chief of Party, and Leader of Public Opinion—and traces the growth of these functions. He puts the label of greatness on eight men who have held office: Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt, Wilson, Franklin Roosevelt. (In my opinion, the more common appraisal of Cleveland as strong but not great still holds good.) All these men, regardless of the theories they held, expanded the total power of the federal government as well as of its executive branch; few more notably than Jefferson, the states' righter. The author rates Washington as the outstanding chief of state and administrator; Jefferson, Jackson, and Wilson as the most effective party leaders; Lincoln and Franklin Roosevelt as the Nos. 1 and 2 leaders of foreign policy and public opinion, but deficient as party leaders despite their political shrewdness.

Lincoln is presented as the greatest expander and user of war powers innate in the Presidency, Franklin Roosevelt as the greatest of all war Presidents by reason of his genius in the political aspects of military strategy—the over-all decisions—and his skill in leading public opinion. Yet "Franklin Roosevelt, as has been seen, makes sparing use of his almost illimitable powers of Commander-in-Chief, certainly less than Wilson, and amazingly less than Lincoln." The detailed comparative studies of Lincoln and Roosevelt reduce the cry of "Dictator Roosevelt" to childish absurdity.

This book is geared to today and tomorrow. A full third of it is a study of the Presidency during the two world wars. Structurally, it uses the Presidents before Wilson as a background for the extensive comparison of Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt, especially in their relations with Congress, the public, and the world at large. Both are treated objectively, sometimes almost harshly. Their unlikeness reduces but does not remove the danger of both being followed by a weak President, for the forces opposing them are the same. I wish that Mr. Milton had developed the implications of his statement that "never for long can the country do without a strong Chief Executive." Applying the logic of his analysis of the past to the problems of the immediate future, he might have said that "never for two months" can the country do without one. IRVING BRANT

Winged Words

MORE BY CORWIN. Sixteen Radio Dramas by Norman Corwin. Henry Holt and Company. $3.

RADIO plays are written to be heard, not to be read; yet if stage plays can retain their essential qualities in book form, radio can do as well and possibly better. For radio has been moving away from the dramatic and nearer to the narrative and even the critical idiom. Or, more strictly speaking, it has divided into two schools: the highly compressed drama of suspense, of which Arch Oboler is the chief exponent and George Asness a rising star; and the literature of ideas, whether expressed in dramatic, narrative, essay, or poetic form. In this second field Norman Corwin is the acknowledged leader, though Orson Welles did pioneer work there. It was Welles who originated the revolutionary idea that a narrator should be used for narration. From that point on the author had a voice of his own, and radio became a worthy vehicle for the expression of ideas.

Corwin entered radio as a producer, and thus gained a first-hand knowledge of his medium comparable to Noel Coward's knowledge of the theater. At that time radio was still imitating the stage play, awkwardly trying to find substitutes for the visual impression which it could not supply. Corwin realized that it had no need for makeshift, that the very absence of the spectacle released it from the realism which bound both stage and screen, and that the producer's art could give support to imaginative material too elusive for the visual media to handle. As there was little or no such material available, Corwin set to work to create it, exploring the potentialities of his medium in a variety of new forms.

In one sense he is still experimenting. His new collection, like his first—"Thirteen by Corwin," published in 1942—includes satire, burlesque, poetic drama, radio essays, and fantasy. To these are added the documentaries which have been Corwin's most celebrated contribution since 1941 and one work which is nearer to lyric poetry than to any other form. There is less drama than in the earlier volume and more direct statement of idea; there is less humor and more irony, but there is also a dash of unblushing slapstick. The plays are very uneven in quality; conspicuous among the

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successes is the radio essay, which Corwin has now developed in a finished and highly individual style. It differs from the documentary in that it shares an enthusiasm rather than voices a conviction, using factual material as a springboard for excursions into half-serious speculation. "The Anatomy of Sound," for instance, is a lively treatise on the impressions which enter the mind by way of the ear; it is amusing reading even without the sound effects which must enhance it considerably in the broadcast. "Good Heavens" deals with the planets and constellations in a similar vein; it is of an entirely different species from the educational broadcast, though it is doubtless the product of careful research as well as of brilliant writing. It is rich in the kind of spoofing in which Corwin is so peculiarly adroit, taking the listener in a split second from the cosmic to the familiar and back again.

In the radio essay the narrator naturally carries the burden of the argument, but this method is not essential for the development of an idea in radio any more than in other kinds of writing. In the historical documentary on the Bill of Rights, now a classic in its field, Corwin weaves narration and dialogue into a pattern of bold, poster-like design. The war plays are debates, dramas, and symposiums. The satire on advertising reads like a short story, though it leans very lightly on narration. Several of the plays are cast in the most conservative form, using dialogue only. They include such widely different genres as the riotous burlesque "Double Concerto" and the serious poetic drama "Samson."

So much attention has been given to Corwin's form that the content of his writing has sometimes been overlooked, though not by potential sponsors, who feel safer with lesser men. His plays are shot through with social criticism; his production notes turn from a lament on the literalness of sound men to a caustic comparison of the musical judgment of musicians and sponsors' wives. His war plays, which make up nearly half the number, exhibit a brand of anti-fascism which is decidedly "premature," chronologically and otherwise, for his emphasis is on the issues of the war rather than the events, and his protest antedated Pearl Harbor by several years. His government-sponsored series "This Is War" was heard by literally millions of listeners in that critical period (early 1942), and actually shared the credit for the suppression of Father Coughlin's *Social Justice*.

But the war plays are even more variable in quality than the others. In some Corwin loses his spontaneity in an exaggerated effort to persuade; in others he appears to be fumbling for adequate expression of a theme which overwhelms his creative powers for the moment. In that case the same theme will probably emerge triumphant in a later play—for example, "Untitled," broadcast in April, 1944, too late for inclusion here. In one work, however, Corwin achieves real passion. This is "The Long Name None Could Spell," which begins as a grim epitaph on the betrayal of Czechoslovakia and continues as a hymn of homage to the people of the resistance movement. It is more timely now than when it was written a year ago; no utterance made on D-Day itself spoke more eloquently for those who were awaiting liberation. In production this piece achieves an emotional power seldom if ever equaled on the air. Much of that power will emerge in the reading if you keep "the ear as

How much better
will the new world be?

PRIMER OF
The Coming World

by LEOPOLD SCHWARZSCHILD
Author of *World in Trance*

A BOOK to make every reader with a postwar theory sit up and think twice. Arguing that all the hellish periods of history have resulted from the failure of unrealistic hopes, Schwarzschild calls on all peacemakers and peace wishers to recognize what he believes to be the limitations of human nature and the lessons of history and lay their plans accordingly.

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New York Herald Tribune Book Review

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attentive as the eye," as Carl Van Doren has suggested. But it is regrettable that the work appears here in a shorter version than that used on Corwin's magnificent broadcast this season.

Corwin enjoys a unique position in radio. As director of his own programs—usually running for thirteen or twenty-six weekly sessions—he has been able to write as he pleases and to produce what he chooses. In radio this is a rare luxury. Sometimes he presents the work of other writers on these half-hours, thus providing one of the few opportunities for the single-shot script of quality to get a hearing. In his present series he is still finding new fields to conquer. This is a strictly limited engagement; in all probability a sponsor is negotiating for the spot if it is not already signed up. The word to the wise is simply: CBS, Tuesdays, 10 p.m. EWT.

BETSY HUTCHISON

Kierkegaard

EITHER/OR: A FRAGMENT OF LIFE. By Soren Kierkegaard. Volume I: Translated by David F. Swenson and Lillian Marvin Swenson; Volume II: Translated by Walter Lowrie. Princeton University Press. $7.50.

TRAINING IN CHRISTIANITY. By Soren Kierkegaard. Translated with an Introduction and Notes by Walter Lowrie. Princeton University Press. $3.

FOR SELF-EXAMINATION and *JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES!* and *THREE DISCOURSES, 1851.* By Soren Kierkegaard. Translated by Walter Lowrie. Princeton University Press. $2.50.

WITH the publication of these four volumes Kierkegaard's major works—save for "The Works of Love," which is in process of translation—have all been made available for American readers. "Either/Or," Kierkegaard's first work, now appears in English for the first time; "Training in Christianity" and the shorter works, "For Self-Examination," etc., were issued in England some years ago and are now offered here in an offset reprint. The achievement of the translators—mainly Dr. Lowrie, the late Professor Swenson, and Mrs. Swenson—and of the publishers—chiefly the Oxford and Princeton University presses—is a remarkable one. In the space of a few years they have done for Kierkegaard what others have failed to accomplish in the course of generations for Kant, Hegel, Marx, and others.

It is unlikely that the effect of these volumes will be as spectacular as their publication has been, though doubtless a little Kierkegaard cult will spring up and perish after awhile. Kierkegaard, like Socrates, whom he venerates, imitates, and resembles most when he does not imitate him, will influence all sorts and conditions of men. Modern cynics will derive joy and aid, though no inspiration, from the first part of "Either/Or" with its aphorisms, its Diary of a Seducer, and other essays; amateurs of literary method will admire, when they are patient enough to grasp, the cunning artifices of the writer; the exponents of an ethical life-view will be confirmed and instructed by the splendid second volume; religious men will feel the powerful impact of "Training in Christianity" and of such essays as the one on Becoming Sober; traditionalist ecclesiastics will make use of incidental statements to fortify what Kierkegaard calls "Sunday twaddle about Christianity's glorious and priceless truths." But despite rather than because of all this, the man who appears in these writings, the man in the thinker rather than the thinker in the man, will make his way, as Socrates did, into the conscience and the consciousness of his readers.

It is wrong in a sense to speak of the man who "appears" in these writings, for he is often hidden. "Either/Or" purports to be a collection of papers and letters written by two men and edited by a third, with none of whom Kierkegaard identified himself. Yet it is evident that the hedonist of Part One and the moralist of Part Two set forth what has been a "lonely debate" in the author himself. In "Training in Christianity" and "For Self-Examination," which belong to the final, explicitly Christian part of Kierkegaard's work, as "Either/Or" belongs to the beginning of his career, the author speaks directly and in that sense does not seek to hide himself; yet here he is so objective in seeking to bring his reader into direct relation with Christ, the contemporary, the sign of offense, the pattern, that he seems hidden in another way: he has achieved his great desire of becoming transparent—a medium which does not call attention to itself. But hidden or not, the man is there in all he does and says as a man of passionate honesty who will not let himself or others be fobbed off with half-truths or who for the sake of consistency will ignore stubborn facts of existence. These stubborn facts of Kierkegaard are not those to which an objective view calls attention but those which man meets in his own subjective life; they are the facts of the self, with its desire and its inability to escape from the self, the fact of the quiet desperation which underlies both the frivolity and the melancholy of life, the fact of hypocrisy or of the contradiction between the verbal and the "existential" affirmations of men. In the explicitly Christian writings Kierkegaard, the great subjectivist, is again concerned with the complete objectivity to every individual of Jesus Christ, the sign of offense, the absolute contemporary, the pattern and way, and what he seeks to achieve here first of all is the admission on the part of Christianity that it is not Christian.

In his Journal Kierkegaard wrote of "Either/Or": "They cannot get rid of me just because everything began so happily, so happily with 'Either/Or.' They might like to let go of me; they might kill me; that does not help them, they have got me in their blood." That is the way he works—he does not convince but makes men convince themselves; he gets under the skin.

H. RICHARD NIEBUHR

Mr. Tyler's Hallucination

THE HOLLYWOOD HALLUCINATION. By Parker Tyler. Creative Age Press. $2.50.

HENRY MILLER says of this nightmarish little volume that "it was always my intention to write a book about Hollywood. Since reading this book by Parker Tyler I know I shall never do it; the job has been done in a way beyond anything I could ever hope to accomplish." These remarks could, of course, be taken as praise from a diffident gentle-

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man, which Mr. Miller is not. Undoubtedly, the job has been done in an extraordinary fashion.

I quote at random from the "Hallucination."

"The scandalous sway of Miss West's hips—it reminds me of nothing so much as the motion of a cradle; it is hypnotic, soothing, a finished and flawless equilibrium." Of Charlie Chaplin's mustache Mr. Tyler says: "That fat eel . . . frantically imprisoned in the fishbowl of his face." Then there is this: "After fire, after burning faggots, had served all the practical needs of his life, man cooked his mind over the symbolic fire of the night and achieved the *concept*."

This last statement is taken from a fearsome chapter called The Daylight Dream. It was while reading this section that I found myself screaming, "I want out!" I had come across the following: "The ritual of the daydream at night, of which artificial illumination is the symbol, cannot be abandoned merely because of the 'daylight-saving' philosophy of bourgeois capitalism. What is religion? Is it not . . ."

Finally, I give one instance of Mr. Tyler's humor. In discussing the film "King's Row" he writes: ". . . all is not hotsy-totsy on the right side of the old town—you can bet the Judith Anderson in your home on that."

This is a Serious book. Among the chapter headings are: The Play Is Not the Thing, The Technicolor of Love, and To Be or Not to Be; or the Cartoon Triumphant.

VICTOR WOLFSON

China's Great Past

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE CHINESE PEOPLE. By L. Carrington Goodrich. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

AUTHENTIC Chinese history from the Neolithic Age to the present is here compressed into a short volume by a scholar who knows his subject, and who also knows how to write. There are many helpful sketch maps, a supplementary reading list, a chronological table, and a chart comparing China's different historical periods with those of the West. The fifteen pages of photographs of China's art works and scientific inventions are beautifully done.

The West has unfortunately known China during a period of decline—and has contributed basically to that decline. For thousands of years, however, China was a progressive, adventurous, inventive country with contacts of every conceivable nature with the known world. Not only did many of the great civilizing inventions come from China, but China enriched its own culture by importing animals, plants, and scientific and philosophic discoveries from other countries. Its emphasis upon the cultivation of the human mind and spirit is indicated by its invention of printing with movable type and of rag paper (150 A.D.), as a substitute for wood and silk. From its earliest days China used silk, the compass, the sun dial, water clocks, water mills. Our "China-ware" indicates its origin.

The cultivation of tea, with its therapeutic values—as a cure for burns and intestinal diseases—was known to the early Chinese, and the porcelain industry developed at about the same time and in the same regions. In the first century after Christ the scientist Wang Ch'ung, who among other things combated superstition, wrote these pregnant lines:

> On an average there is one moon eclipse to about 180 days, and a solar eclipse in about every 41 or 42 months. Eclipses are regular occurrences and are not caused by political action. All anomalies and catastrophes are of the same class and are never dependent upon political events.

Galileo, it may be remembered, published his discoveries of sunspots in 1613, whereas Chinese astronomers observed and recorded them in 28 B.C. In 132 A.D. a Chinese scientist invented an instrument which registered earthquakes so slight that they could not be felt in his observatory.

These pages unroll a majestic panorama of the great dynasties under which Chinese civilization reached a level unknown in any other part of the world save for a brief period in ancient Greece. There was the classical age of the Chou dynasty (1027-256 B.C.); the exciting age of the militant, creative Ch'ins (221-207 B.C.), when the founder tried to destroy feudalism and develop a centralized state—the word "China" comes from that dynasty; the imperial, learned age of the Hans (202 B.C.-220 A.D.), with a continuous expansion of territory and a culture so impressive that present-day Chinese call themselves the "sons of Han"; the renaissance under the T'angs (618-906 A.D.), known as the golden age of literature and the arts, when "whoever was a man was a poet"; the Sung period of ripe maturity when lyric poetry gave way to learned prose, to great compendiums of history and works on natural science and political economy. There followed a period of decay, enabling the Mongols to found the Yuan dynasty—and the Mongols were absorbed and eventually overthrown by the Mings, who became the exquisites of the Eastern world—until they repeated the

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mistakes of their forbears and were conquered by the Manchus. They grew soft and decadent, became tools in the hands of the Western capitalist powers, and were overthrown by the Republic in 1911.

One of my favorite Chinese statesmen, Wang An-shih, occupies a few paragraphs in this book. He is shown instituting great social, political, and military reforms, among others the organization of public schools in each prefecture and subprefecture in the empire—until the reactionaries drove him out and allowed the country to be conquered.

The section covering the Chinese Republic is brief but on the whole good. The Chinese Academia Sinica to promote research in modern science is described and analyzed, but all too briefly. "China has had difficulties with many foreign powers since 1912," writes the author, magnificently understating the fact. The Chinese people, he says, are essentially liberty-loving, industrious, and passive; I disagree with the last word. "Sharp cleavages between political groups may necessitate an oligarchy," he writes—just as if an oligarchy had not ruled since 1927. The government has remained in power, he states, with the apparent "support of the majority of the people"—though the people have nothing to say about it. Not even Dr. Hu Shih, whom he rightly quotes as an authority on Chinese history and thought, can vote in China. Only if the Chinese people had the right to hear all political ideas and choose between them in secret ballot should we know whom they would support. In our admiration of China we must not forget that Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek has been elected President by about a hundred men.

AGNES SMEDLEY

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PHILIP WYLIE, American novelist and short-story writer, is editor of Farrar and Rinehart, Inc., Publishers.

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FILMS

TO "The People's Avengers" eighteen Soviet camera men contribute their records of guerrilla life and warfare, and Norman Corwin contributes his commentary and his voice. Mr. Corwin, in spite of being a radio man, lets gratifyingly long stretches of film run by without saying a word; when he does speak, the words are generally continent. The voice itself has, it seems to me, a slightly officious resonance, and I don't think he should be forgiven the remark "One down" when a German sentry falls dead, or the remark "Reluctant superman" as partisans drag a frantically abject German soldier from his hiding place in a haystack. (Just before this shot ends or is cut, by the way, there is a sudden clenching of people round the prostrate soldier, ambiguous but horribly suggestive, which makes the crack still more off color, and tempts me to wonder how global the anthology of post-war atrocity films might be, if every nation has the historical conscience to preserve its stock.)

The harvest of the cameras is fascinating even when it is tacky—some intensely rhetorical filter shots; or suspect—some silhouettes, before a dawn attack, which could easily have been discarded from "The North Star" but which may easily, and disconcertingly, be straight records. Some of the shots imply first-rate poetic foresight and imagination—most impressively, those of a German train, visible above rich deep-country foliage only in its soft walking tower of smoke as it moves slowly toward ambushed dynamite. Even shots which are heavily posed or reenacted—a newly decorated hero with the prettiest available girl—break the boundaries of faking; they betray, between subject and photographer, an unaffected quality of comradeship which is also seen sometimes in English films, almost never in ours. To me some of the most interesting moments showed the guerrillas at rest rather than at work—deep in the woods with their women, their stew kettles and pecking hens, and their death-experienced little boys—the faces all deep-rural, bottomlessly and naturally resolute, and incomparably secure. They reminded me, sharply, of people in parts of the back country, and of tag-ends of frontier, here. I felt reasonably sure that under similar circumstances such American civilians would react as well, and wondered how many of that kind are left.

"Marine Raiders" is a formula war movie (Pat O'Brien versus Robert Ryan and Ruth Hussey, all versus the Japanese) which mildly transcends its formula through bits of truer-than-average dialogue, studio combat, acting, and direction, and an occasional flexibility of insight or camera work which seems to distinguish RKO pictures as political decency distinguishes those made by Warner Brothers. (There are some moments in San Diego—notably in a crowded, forlorn record-your-voice joint—which I thought very good even though they misfired.) Robert Ryan, if he is allowed to forget about Gary Cooper, may become one of the few good leading men. "Secret Command" is about shipyards, saboteurs, and saboteur hounds. It contains two pieces of melodrama which set records for wilful denial of suspense (more frequent cutting-in of a loosening bolt in one, a dial-and-needle in the other, would have fixed everything); aside from that, and another of Pat O'Brien's experienced soft-shoe performances, the film is in no way memorable.

Two weeks ago in this column I wrote telescopic lens for telephoto. Three weeks ago vivacious roles were recommended for Susan Hayward. The word should have been vicious.

JAMES AGEE

MUSIC

IN A recent article on modernism Virgil Thomson observed that "the leading masters of it, Arnold Schönberg and Igor Stravinsky, are now elderly gentlemen. Their precepts and practices are expounded at all the music schools and colleges; their followers constitute practically the whole pedagogical wing of contemporary composition. All this represents a consolidation of past gains for the modernist movement." And "since modern music itself has come to be a conservative and well entrenched institution, the opposition to it no longer represents an intellectual position of any strength at all"; which is like saying that since Alcoa has come to be a conservative and well entrenched institution the opposition to it no longer represents an intellectual position of any strength at all—the "intellectual" being an example of Thomson's use of language for much the same purpose, and with much the same result, as Father Divine's.

"The estimate of how much modernism, and in what degree of dilution, a given audience will take at a given time," he continued, "is purely a consideration of practicability. Few real disputes about aesthetics have been active since the modernists came into command of all the positions of intellectual eminence by winning, a full generation ago, all the chief arguments about aesthetics. That is why open compromises on practical policy are possible today without any loss of dignity to any-

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body. Etc., etc." What victories and so on those portentous-sounding words and phrases refer to I don't know; but the general music-loving public doesn't even care: it dislikes the music, and therefore objects to hearing it; being as strongly entrenched in the concert hall as the modernists are in the music schools and colleges it can make its objection effective; and no amount of verbal abacadabra about its having lost the aesthetic battle and about compromises without loss of dignity will fool it into doing anything else.

Not that the general public hasn't read about modern music. Others have had my experience: when, as a member of the general public, I began to listen to the music twenty-five years ago with ears and mind that were open and receptive, I also began to read explanations and discussions of it, in the hope that they would enable me to perceive the new artistic beauty or potency in what impressed me as hideous or feeble; but nothing I learned from reading about it changed the impression I got from listening to it. And in time what I heard made me increasingly impatient with what I read. The music was bad; but the talk about it was worse; and not just the talk of Paul Rosenfeld and the writers in *Modern Music*, but especially the talk of the composers themselves about their works that was printed in the program notes. Others, I say, have had my experience, and have reached my conclusions. The Boston correspondent who last summer wrote me that devastating analysis of Stravinsky's "Pulcinella" Suite had, he said, no respect for Stravinsky as an artist; and what produced that attitude was not only Stravinsky's succession of styles but his succession of pronouncements about them.

Recently this correspondent sent me the Boston Symphony program notes for the concert that Stravinsky conducted of his own works. The impressions he got from the most recent works were of continuing decay, ingratiating sterility, and harmlessness. "He no longer has the power, it would seem, to write music that is sustainedly vicious. The program book is another story; it I do find vicious, as so much pro-Stravinsky propaganda is—particularly the essay on the Symphony in C major (1940)." This was reprinted from the *Musical Quarterly;* and in it a Mr. Sol Babitz gave the results of his study of the score and his conferences with Stravinsky. My correspondent was infuriated by "this sort of thing, which one is always finding in Stravinsky criticism:

> The death rattle of the sonata form having been audible for some years, and official obituaries printed, it is rather awkward at this time to have to acknowledge the existence of a master of that form.

You know what I mean: The sonata form is dying, but lo! here is Stravinsky to make it live. The ballet is on its last legs, but Stravinsky arises and it is recreated anew. The art of making pasticcios is dead, but Stravinsky raises it to its former glory. You get more of this arrogance in the following section on the orchestration:

> Yet the page as a whole reveals a visual difference portentous of the new sounds contained. The manuscript is quite white, perhaps whiter than any of Stravinsky's scores; an unforgivable sin in the eyes of the pedants who have been held spellbound by the increasing blackness of symphonic scores during the last one hundred years. There is none of the conventional doubling, no outward attempts at tonal balance. Etc.

Completely ignoring the last hundred years of French orchestration, which has done just what Stravinsky has been turning to. Forgetting the best of Honegger's scores; forgetting Ravel. And to speak of no outward attempts at tonal balance is to speak nonsense: as great an orchestrator as Stravinsky would never make such a mistake."

It isn't only the arrogance, it is also the verbal churning up of nothing into something that I find infuriating—the hullaballoo about the number of black spots on the page, to transform a work whose musical contents the ear discovers to be ingratiating sterility into one which brings the dead sonata form to life again. And that is not found only in the writing about Stravinsky.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Ethiopia's Future

Dear Sirs: Ethiopia's friends are anxious about its future. Both for prosperity and for safety it requires access to the sea by recovery of its former territories, which Italy annexed at the end of the nineteenth century and twice used as bases for prosecuting wars of conquest as well as for minor invasions and intrigues with the purpose of disturbing and weakening the country in order to conquer it eventually.

After the Italian declaration of war on Britain and France in 1940, the time came for British help in liberating Ethiopia. The stiffest fight was in the north—in the mountains of the Gojjam and at Keren in Eritrea.

At Keren great use was made of propaganda, by radio and by leaflets showered from R. A. F. planes. Captain Steer, in his book "Sealed and Delivered," has given a lively record of it. A proclamation of Emperor Haile Selassie's, prepared in consultation with the British authorities, was reproduced in Tigrinya, an offshoot from the Gheze, or Ethiopic, spoken in the northern part of Ethiopia. This proclamation declared that the future of Eritrea lay with the rest of Ethiopia. Leaflets reproducing the Ethiopian flag conveyed the message, "Fight for your own king and your own flag." After a description of the many injustices they had suffered under the Italians, the Eritreans were assured, "The day when you will be delivered of all this has come." All these appeals urged Eritrean soldiers to desert the Italian ranks and either return home or come over to the British lines to fight the Italians. As Captain Steer has recorded, the Eritreans responded to these appeals in thousands, and thus materially contributed to the Italian defeat.

Both Ethiopians and Eritreans anticipated that the defeat of Italy would be followed by the immediate restoration of Eritrea to Ethiopia and the expulsion of the Italians, but after the victory they were informed that consideration of their claim must be deferred till the general peace settlement. Meanwhile Italian laws and color discriminations have been maintained in Eritrea, as well as Italian officials, with only a few British in the highest posts. The British and Italians consort amicably, while the Eritreans are still a subject race, debarred from the hotels and restaurants used by the Europeans.

Consternation has recently been caused in both Eritrea and Ethiopia by an article which received considerable prominence in the *Sudan Star.* It not only argued against the restoration of Eritrea to Ethiopia, but advocated restoring a new frontier made by Italy during its occupation of Ethiopia—a frontier which extended Eritrea and thereby robbed Ethiopia of the Tigré province, including Adowa and Axume, with St. Mary of Sion, the Obelisk of the Queen of Sheba—the very heart of Ethiopian history and belief.

The fact that such plans have been repeatedly discussed in some British political circles and in the press occasions anxiety also to British friends, particularly in view of the growing favor shown in Allied official circles to Italy, and the fact that no formal renunciation of Italy's aggressive claims on Ethiopia has been made by its present spokesmen.

Eritrean desire for reunion with Ethiopia has lately been manifested by striking incidents. At the festival of the Epiphany, on January 20, the children of Asmara, the capital of Eritrea, carried Ethiopian flags and sang Ethiopian patriotic songs.

On January 31, the date on which the Anglo-Ethiopian agreement of 1942 terminated, many Eritrean dwellings displayed Ethiopian colors. It was found that Ethiopian flags had been hoisted during the night to the electric-light standards in the principal street of Asmara, and even to the two flagstaffs of Government House, as well as to the minaret of the mosque. The chief of police found an Ethiopian flag covering his desk and a portrait of the Emperor Haile Selassie on his chair. Portraits of the Emperor had been posted on the walls in all parts of the town, accompanied by statements that the British, when desiring Eritrean help in fighting the Italians, had promised reunion to Ethiopia. Fulfilment of the promise was now demanded, with a warning that trouble would follow if it were denied.

On February 26, 2,800 Eritrean police proclaimed their intention to resign unless Italian law was abrogated, and their refusal to continue in the position of inferiority to Italians.

Ethiopia's southern frontier, contiguous to the ex-Italian colony of Somalia, which fronts on the Indian Ocean, is also a source of anxiety. Here also Italy made a new frontier after the conquest, and in this case British negotiators insisted upon retaining the new Italian frontier. The Ethiopians accepted this with reluctance, but only for the term of the two-year agreement.

Thus, instead of getting back the terriority fronting on the Red Sea that was lost in 1890, Ethiopia has also been deprived, for the time being at any rate, of a substantial wedge of the adjacent Ogaden province, which it possessed until the Italian conquest of 1936.

Moreover, in order to obtain resumption of its self-government Ethiopia was prevailed upon to concede to British military occupation a further area of the Ogaden bordering French and British Somaliland.

Here too the propagandists of dismemberment are at work, suggesting that Ethiopia should not recover that part of its national territory in the vast province of the Ogaden which has been taken into Italian Somalia and should even lose more of that province, and that a new state under the rule of Britain or some other European power should be created there. Having regard to the current talk about Italy's "earning" better terms by assistance to the Allied forces, and the too common and most dangerous war-time practice of making ill-judged promises to those whose aid is desired in battle, it is important to insist that no bargain be made with Italy at Ethiopia's expense.

Various glosses have been devised for recommending proposals which would involve the unprincipled robbery of a brave and loyal people, whose homelands are the only substantial territory remaining to any African race. Enlightened British and American opinion recognizes that the colonial era must give place to African progress and self-government, but the spectacle of Ethiopia developing into a modern, self-governing democracy, with a parliament elected by popular franchise, with industry and agriculture promoted by cooperatives, with sick insurance, modern primary, secondary, and professional schools, and so forth, is not welcome to those who desire to keep the African people in perpetual subjection.

E. SYLVIA PANKHURST

Woodford Green, England, June 10

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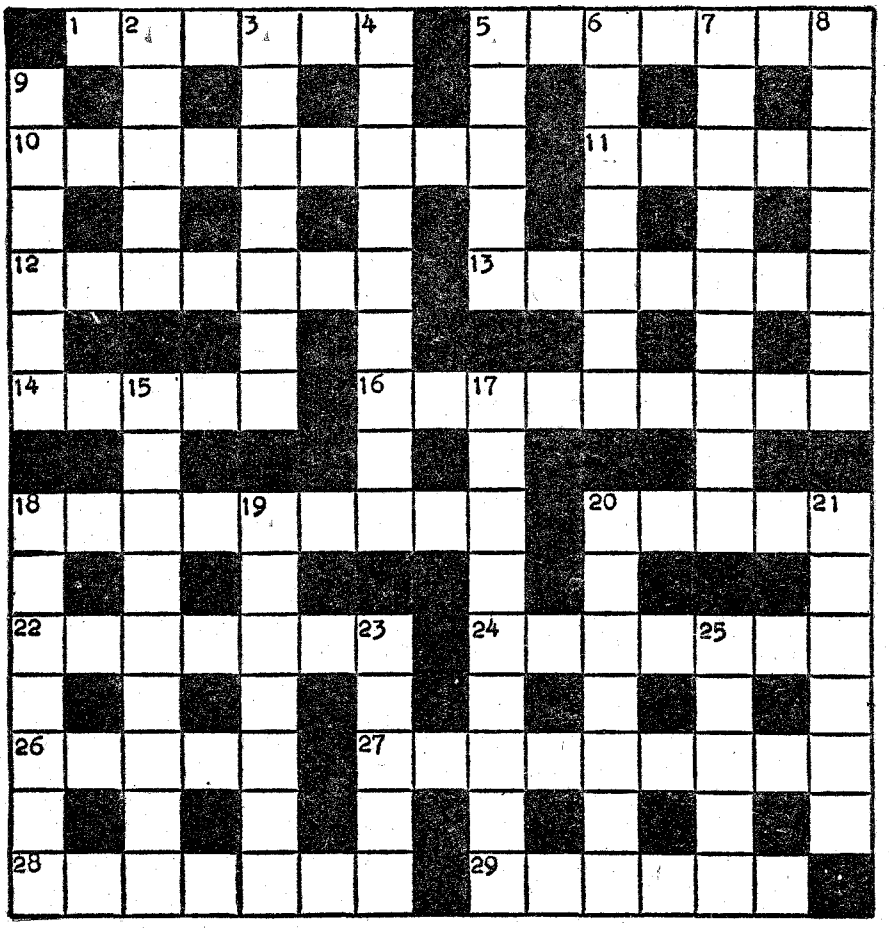
Cross-Word Puzzle No. 71

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 Fancy finding him in the R.A.F.!
5 Literature of the ancient Moroccan
10 Cruel dons (anag.)
11 A dead donkey is rare, but this is rarer
12 Air tent (anag.)
13 At all
14 Suggesting that women's make-up is largely superstitious
16 Patronizing people, relatively speaking
18 Where Haroun al-Raschid dined
20 Breeziness?
22 "I will kill thee a ------ and fifty ways" (*As You Like It*)
24 Vegetable that may suggest what people do who want beer
26 O to make this a river of France!
27 Italian composer the French call Gray, we Green
28 Not a favorite son, as a rule
29 May mean a tie sooner or later

DOWN

2 Make amends an hour after midnight
3 Where the aircraft get hung up in bad weather?
4 Fictitious land of historical romance in S. E. Europe, discovered by Anthony Hope
5 A sail as seen from part of an island
6 English sea captain and novelist; author of *Mr. Midshipman Easy, Diary in America*, etc.
7 Became so enamored of his own image that he pined away and was metamorphosed into a flower
8 "Carved with figures strange and sweet, All made out of the ------- brain" (*Ancient Mariner*)
9 So Mike is in the North
15 Prioress in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* ("full pleasant and amiable of port")
17 Burns likened them to popples—you seize the flower, its bloom is shed
18 Here in lettuce
19 His changing King Atlas into a mountain was no mean feat, as feats go
20 One whom "we see through a glass, darkly," perhaps
21 A donkey turns up in a Black Sea port
23 Couch large enough to hold a prima-donna!
25 City of Ohio

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 70

ACROSS:—1 PECKSNIFF; 6 AARON; 9 QUILLET; 10 IN CLINK; 11 EVE; 12 CANVAS; 13 DEAD; 15 SPECTRUM; 16 BATTLE; 18 LAGADO; 20 HOMELESS; 23 PEAR; 24 AMELIA; 25 TOW; 28 TOPSAIL; 29 PANNIER; 30 ROSES; 31 REPORTERS.

DOWN:—1 PIQUE; 2 CHINESE; 3 SOLICITUDE; 4 ISTANBUL; 5 FRIDAY; 6 ARCH; 7 RAIMENT; 8 NAKEDNESS; 14 WAGE-EARNER; 15 SALTPETER; 17 LOLLIPOP; 19 GRAMPUS; 21 ENTWINE; 22 AMBLER; 26 WORMS; 27 LAWS.

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